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Books Distinguished, Readable and Useful From University of North Carolina Press

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—By JULIA COLLIER HARRIS—

Social Forces, the quarterly magazine of the department of Social Sciences, published at the University of North Carolina, under the editorship of Dr. Howard Odom, Jesse Steiner and Gerald Johnson, the latter now of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, is one of the best-known journals of Sociology in the English language. It ranks at the head of such periodicals in this country. It is too bad that this quarterly, so authoritative, so readable, so capable of enlightening influence, should be comparatively little known in our section. As a matter of fact, the large bulk of its subscribers is in other parts of the country than the South. Yet no section is in greater need of this type of magazine than our own.

It is likely that the terms "socialized consciousness" and a "social conscience" are not fully understood by the average reader among us. Possibly, to the majority the adjective *social* connotes those activities which figure in the "society pages" of our papers: teas, dances, club and church gatherings, etc. *Social* in the larger sense, as of man's relation to his fellow man in every department of life, is, of course, the sense in which the word is used at the mast-head of the University of North Carolina Quarterly. Dr. Odum's department of Social Sciences at the University of North Carolina is one of the livest and most popular departments of this very live and progressive institution. It equips many young men and women who will go out through the South with a vision and a knowledge of organized society which will be of as much value, probably, in promoting the adjustment of difficult economic and social questions as any other one element flowing out into the stream of our life today.

Really enlightened and altrusic citizenship is no longer possible in our complex civilization unless founded on some knowledge of what are called the social sciences and this type of knowledge should be given in its simpler forms in every elementary school system in the country. It *is* given in the schools of our most progressive cities like those of Chicago. Why not in Georgia schools?

It is largely due to lack of knowledge of organized society, its needs and its defects, that large segments of our poulation today are hostile to other segments, neither showing any tolerance of the beliefs and ideals of the other, and all with a more or less colossal ignorance of the basic economic principles which must underlie an enlightened and peaceful body politic.

The influence of the department of Social Science of the University of North Carolina is going out from that body in various ways through its graduates, through the magazine, *Social Forces*, and through the publications of the University Press, most of which have first appeared serially or in part in *Social Forces*. Two of the most useful books issued lately by the University of North Carolina press are those by Howard Odum on Public Welfare, *An Approach to Public Welfare and Social Work and Systems of Public Welfare*. Other books from this press by Dr. Odum, in collaboration with Guy Johnson, are *The Negro and His Songs*, a collection of the spirituals of the Negro race, and *Negro Workaday Songs*, both of which have been reviewed in these columns. Both these books, aside from their value as anthologies, have a distinct sociological interest in their revelation of the Negro in connection with his work, play and religious aspirations, and they have received the national recognition to which they are entitled, being, as they are, the most comprehensive and reliable studies of the Negro through his songs which have yet been attempted.

Another volume from the North Carolina University Press which should be read in connection with the Odum-Johnson books is one by Newbell Niles Puckett of the Department of Sociology of the Western Reserve University entitled *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro*. The University of North Carolina Press deserves the highest praise for the issue of a trio of books which throw such a flood of light on the Negro mind and soul. We people of the South should make up our minds that the one thing most necessary in our effort to bring about a peaceful and acceptable solution to our "race problem," is, first of all, some knowledge of the Negro psychology, and not a shallow, sentimental estimate of that race in terms of the "old mammy" or of "old Black Joe," or one based on contempt and hatred. Neither of these is going to lead us anywhere except into a hopeless and dangerous bog of misunderstanding and injustice.

Dr. Puckett is a Mississippi man who has studied the Negro in his religious and work-a-day life for twenty years. With the becoming modesty of one who admits the Negro soul to be "well-nigh inscrutable," the author says in the preface of his book:

"My peep behind the curtain has destroyed for me the fable that the 'Southern white man thoroughly understands the Negro', and has opened my eyes to the importance of objective study as a means of establishing more cordial relationships. In a general sort of way the Southerner *does* understand the Negro, but this understanding is limited almost completely to the practical affairs of life, and consists chiefly in knowing how to make the Negro work. Regarding the feelings, the emotions and spiritual life of the Negro the average white man knows little. Should weird, archaic Negro doctrine be brought to his attention he almost invariably considers it a "relic of African heathenism," though in four cases out of five it is a European dogma from which only centuries of patient education could wean his own ancestors."

It can readily be seen that an authentic collection of the folk-lore and superstition of the Negro such as is given us in the Puckett volume, which contains nearly twenty-five hundred examples that were gathered personally by the author in Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, is of first rate value to the psychologist and sociologist in the study of the black man as he reacts to civilization. Such study must of necessity lead to a fuller understanding of the antagonisms between the races and suggest possible adjustments of these sources of friction. Application of exact knowledge of the Negro and his needs, virtues and limitations to the so-called Negro-problem is the sane and Christian method of procedure—not flogging, lynching and other manifestations of Kluxery.

The volumes by Dr. Odum and that by Dr. Puckett are not dry, pedantic tomes. Far from it. They are all three extremely interesting and readable and should be in the library of every Southern reader who is interested in questions that relate especially to his section.

Another valuable and really inspiring book which has come from this University Press is Edward Allsworth Ross's *Roads to Social Peace*. In this brief, clear handling of a vital subject, Dr. Ross, professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, writes under the following heads: *Avoidance of Sectionalism, Quenching of Sectarianism, Promotion of Peace Among Nationalities, Mitigation of Class Struggle, Allaying of Town and City Conflict.* In his introduction, Dr. Ross says:

"Whatever our attitude toward international relations, I suppose we are all social pacifists, i. e., advocates of the peaceful adjustments of all matters which may come up between secions or classes or groups within society. The most cynical militarist will agree that antagonistic social groups within the nation must never be allowed to go to breaking heads."

Since our post-war annals are signalized by class, race and sectarian feeling, fomented largely by organizations such as the K. K. K., the Supreme Kingdom, and Atheistical and Fundamentalist associations which spread prejudiced and incendiary propaganda over the land, inciting to lawlessness and hatred among all classes, a book like this is a healthy corrective and should be circulated far and wide to combat the influence of ignorance and selfishness.

Some Cycles of Cathay, by William Allen White, another University of North Carolina publication, comprises a series of lettures in the *Citizenship Series* before university students by the distinguished editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, a man whose career as a journalist has been a concrete illustration of enlightened and unselfish citizenship. In this series Mr. White treats of our nation's history in relation to social progress, dividing it into three cycles, that of the Revolution, that of the Anti-Slavery movement and that of the Populist movement—all culminations of a struggle to bring new freedom to the rank and file.

Mr. White notes that the birth of altruism coincided with the beginning of the Christian era, the ideal of Christ being one of democracy. This ideal, Mr. White reminds us, found a prophet in the seventeenth century in John Locke, who "held that human rights existed before the foundation of society; that government is a means devised by man for the better enjoyment of man's natural rights; that the state is made for man and not man for the state."

It is opvious that this ideal has been the chief force behind the three cycles of American history, and Mr. White points out most wisely that if we would give less time to the study of wars and more time to the study of suth social movements as culminated in these three cycles, and other historical cycles, we might become more capable of a wise and just solution of our national problems.

He speaks of the force of ideas as opposed to that of arms and says "Proclamations of kings and potentates cannot destroy the truth, even though the proclamations have behind them all the soliders in all the armies in all the world. *No high explosive is so powerful as the repression of truth.*"

And in summing up the faults and virtues of a democracy he says: "Transportation, communication, food, housing, books, music, all are coming to the home of the common man. The backwoods are about to be abolished. Machines are standardizing the American mind and heart. This standardization is somewhat a levelling and has in it much that is dangerous. Yet this standardization externally brings to us those economies which were the dreams of the reformers a generation ago. Perhaps our next crusade will be to *reform the dreams that our reformers dreamed*; to reconstruct this vast machine-made demotracy, living somewhat in economic justice, into a nation of aspiring citizens wherein each individual shall strive to find in the wilderness of standards, God's most unique and precious gift—*a man's own soul.*"

We see in *Cycles of Cathay* the soundest principle of historical analysis—that which is based on a study of man himself, his individual needs and his relations to society—in other words the *socialogical* approach, whith is the only scientific approach to history and economics. Especially in a democracy is this social-mindedness necessary. For unless a man realizes his obligations to society at large, as he becomes more and more the recipient of the liberties and privileges which a democracy is supposed to give, he is bound to be not only a barrier in the way of progress but a positive menace. It is only through a lifting of the level of culture that democracy can be made a blessing. Without a considerable degree of mass intelligence, democracy is rather a curse.

Certainly nothing in our colleges makes more toward a dissemination of the kind of knowledge especially useful in a democracy than departments of Social Science, and the publication, through university presses, of books such as these just mentioned.

Book Chat

... By Mary White Ovington ...

"FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW"

By Langston Hughes. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 750 Fifth avenue, New York City.

When hard luck overtakes you
Nothin' for you to do,
When hard luck overtakes you
Nothin' for you to do.
Gather up yo' fine clothes
An' sell 'em to de jew.

Langston Hughes has chosen a striking title for his second book of poems. It is an achievement to have a publisher bring out, unaided, a volume of verse, and to have him bring out a second is phenomenal. Those who buy verse in America could all be lodged in one of New York's towering hotels and leave plenty of space for the poets who came for shelter of a stormy night. To reach this small group and to have them ask for more is something to be commented upon.

"Fine Clothes To the Jews" gives a haunting picture of Negro life. No work of fiction that we have shows so naturally and with such sympathy the unsophisticated colored folk as they move through their city streets, into their homes and cabarets, or take to the open road. The girl whose man has left her, the boy trudging up from the Mississippi town these touch our hearts. And yet we are supposed to laugh at them. What is a Blues for but laughter, the laughter that is deeper than tears?

Homesick blues, Lawd,
'S a terrible thing to have.
Homesick blues is
A terrible thing to have.
To keep from cryin'
I opens my mouth an' laughs.

Mr. Hughes' touch has seemed surest when he has written in the "Blues" form, but in this volume his religious group. "Glory, Halle-

Is the Negro a Foreigner?

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE, *by Jerome Dowd. Century Co. 611 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

AGAIN a northern publishing house presents us with a southern textbook on the Negro; it almost looks like a conspiracy to convert the North to the southern point of view by way of "Sociology 347 x." But the explanation is much simpler. The southern sociologist has a much deeper concern in the subject than his northern colleague and a more direct challenge to present it to his students in an educationally profitable form.

Professor Dowd is conscientious, consistently fair in the quotation of opinions and statement of facts, even when these would to an outsider seem to contradict his main thesis, courageous in his treatment of controversial issues and at least as scientific in his method as writers on race relations of the more liberal schools. Perhaps, it is just because of these qualities that the present reviewer has been greatly depressed by the last three parts of the book which deal with proposed solutions and the future. Its influence is likely to be very bad, not so much because of its content but because of its omissions.

While better mutual understanding and helpfulness are advocated and the ways to both briefly indicated, no philosophical or other basis is given for a movement in that direction. Apart from a few conventional phrases of the more optimistic kind, no hope is held out that the Negro may at any time play a worthy part in American life. The author does not recognize that the American Negro represents part of the American culture but consistently treats of his contribution as a foreign ingredient. In this way he erects a plausible argument for segregation on an unreal foundation of "incompatibility." He makes no allowance for the rapid approximation of the cultural standards of whites and Negroes. For example, he fails to recognize one cause of the Negro's falling birth-rate in his rising cultural standards.

Professor Dowd loves the Negro in ways that are perfectly natural but somehow are not taken at their face value in the North. The even temper of the book is marred, however, by an inimical attitude toward and libellous statements regarding mulatto reformers whose psychology— in so far as it can be separated out from others—he does not understand.

What is at the bottom of this failure of so much genuine striving for better race relations in the South? It is the elevation of certain fallible and changing human values to the position of eternal values. The theory of the purity of the Caucasian race, to be maintained at all costs, has been shot to pieces and is no longer maintained on biological grounds. But the present author, with many others, does retain the divinity of the particular culture which he has inherited. For the biological *ultimum bonum* of a dying generation he substitutes a sociological one; and in doing this he departs from the teaching of both history and ethics. That is the crux of the matter.

BRUNO LASKER

Langston Hughes Answers Critics

By Floyd J. Calvin

NEW YORK, Feb. 24—Langston Hughes is not at all perturbed by the great shower of bricks that has greeted his newest volume of poems, "Fine Clothes to the Jew." This is the impression he gave a Courier representative when seen at the executive offices of his publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 730 Fifth avenue, last week. "My only fear," said Mr. Hughes, "is that the hostile attitude of our critics will frighten other younger writers away from writing about themselves. That would be a tragedy, indeed. The only true and lasting art that an artist can produce is that based upon what he himself knows best. I would certainly be out of my sphere if I attempted to write about the Vanderbilts or the Goulds or Park avenue society, because I know absolutely nothing about those subjects. But I do know the humble side of Negro life, and that is what I have written about in my own way. At least two thirds of our people belong to the lower class, and even I myself, belong to that class, so why shouldn't I write about that class? Let some of those who know the upper class write about the upper class. I made it perfectly clear in my book which side of Negro life I was portraying, and it seems only sensible to me that I should be criticised for the way I portray it, and not for portraying it at all. I have a right to portray any side of Negro life I wish to."

Mr. Hughes spoke softly, and was the soul of courtesy. He is a dapper, rather handsome youth of 24, and was on vacation from Lincoln for a few days, having delivered readings of his poems at Atlantic City and Philadelphia, and came on to New York for a conference with his publishers. He attended the Rosamund Johnson-Taylor Gordon recital at Carnegie Hall while here.

"It seems to me the critics missed their greatest opportunity to criticise me," he went on. "My poetry is based on Negro folk songs, both blues and sacred, and I try to reproduce the moods and rhythms in words of my own. None of the critics thought to say whether I had done a good job or a bad job in this and I am sorry they overlooked it for I really wanted to know what they thought of it. As you know, Bessie and Clara Smith's records are wonderful as folk songs, comparing favorably to those in France, Germany and Spain. It is the same mood and rhythm as expressed by them that I try to get in my own work. I hope no one will accuse me of trying to write about the Negro race. I am not the Negro race and don't pretend to know all about it. All Negroes are not servants, bellboys and porters, and those not identified with that class cannot rightly say I am writing about them. In my first book, "The Weary Blues," I tried to hold up the sadness of cabaret life. I did not preach 'Go to the Cabaret'."

Mr. Hughes' book is dedicated to Carl Van Vechten, author of "Nigger Heaven." Of this, he said: "I dedicated my book to Mr. Van Vechten because I personally know it to be a fact that he has perhaps done more real, big work to aid the younger group of Negro writers and artists than any other individual. He has had the ear of prominent white critics and editors and has used his influence to get recognition for our artists. As to 'Nigger Heaven' possibly having some influence on me I will say my book was completed and in the offices of the publishers four months before 'Nigger Heaven' was published."

Harry C. Block, editor of the Knopf publications and the one responsible for the firm's accepting Hughes' book, said the firm is wholly in sympathy with the kind of work Mr. Hughes is doing and believes he is doing a good work, and published his poems because of it.

LANGSTON HUGHES ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AS POET LAUREATE OF THE RACE IN NEW BOOK.

In "Fine Cothes to the Jew," by Langston Hughes (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), there is ample evidence that this youth who formerly worked in a local hotel as a "busboy" is in a fair way to assume the laurels of Paul Lawrence Dunbar as the poet laureate of his race.

Touches Life

The poetic ability of Langston Hughes has strenghtened and increased since the publication of his first book, which received favorable notice from the critics. For his present volume young Hughes has gone for material, to the more primitive types of American Negro, the bellboys the cabaret girls, the migratory workers, the singers of blues and spiritual and the makers of folk songs. The plantation Negro of yesterday is no more and the struggler in the industrial maelstorm of modern life and inhabitants of the Harlems of American cities.

Has Poet's Soul

In the poems of Hughes are painted with swift, deft touches, the joy, the pathos, the beauty and the ugliness in the lives of present members of his race. That he understands his own people is apparent from the first word to the last in this book. With the insight of the real poet the secrets of human nature are as an open book to him. The emotional stress of some of the poems is marked; and behind others are the convictions of a thinker, of one who has pondered over the problems of his fellows and come to definite conclusions about them.

Fame touched Hughes early in his career. He is only 25 years old now and a native of Joplin, Mo., but he has been a soldier of fortune in many countries and many cities in his short life. His chance in the world of poesy came in 1925, when he won first prize in the contest conducted by the Opportunity magazine for the best Negro poem of the year. His first book, "The Weary Blues," was published in January, 1926, and he has subsequently been enrolled as a student at Lincln University.

Shows Philosophy

Here is a vivid picture in a few lines of a Crap Game:"

Lemme roll 'em, boy.
I got ma tail curled.
If a seven don't come
'Leven ain't far away.
An' if I craps,
Dark baby,
Trouble don't last all the time.
Hit 'em, bones.

The religious fervor of the race adorns the little group of modern spirituals appearing under the title of "Glory. Hallelujah" Simplicity of faith is there and rare tenderness, too. For instance, take the two stanzas entitled "Feet o' Jesus"!

At de feet o' Jesus,
Sorrow like a sea.
Lordy, let yo' mercy
Come drifting down on me.
At de feet of Jesus,
At yo' feet I stand.
O, ma little Jesus
Please reach out your hand.

The race as he sees it is poetically set for in "Laughters."

Dream singers
Story Tellers,
Dancers,
Loud laughers in the hands of fate—
My people,
Dish washers,
Elevator boys,
Ladies maids,
Crap shooters,
Cooks,
Waiters,
Jazzers,
Nurses of babies
Loaders of ships,
Rounders,
Number writers,
Comedians in vaudeville
And bandmen in circuses—
Dream singers all—
My people
Dancers—
God! What dancers!

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Hound-Dogs and Bible Shouting

Julia Peterkin's Fine Novel of "Blue-Gum" Negroes Is Suffused With Life

***BLACK APRIL.** By Julia Peterkin. 316 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.*

By JOHN W. CRAWFORD

THE English novel, doubtless, has built itself mainly upon the exploitation of a single character. Certainly, when "Tom Jones," "Mr. Pickwick," Soames Forsyte, "Richard Feverel," "Mary Olivier," come trooping into the reader's mind, the ingenious theory of Mr. Manuel Komroff is persuasively reinforced. Mr. Komroff, further, has advanced the notion that the American novel, depending for its vitality upon a milieu which is not particularly adapted to the development of strongly individualized, heterogeneous types, must find its true, indigenous form along the path indicated by the late Frank Norris: a statement of a theme, to be enriched and developed and reaffirmed, and to overide individual considerations.

Mrs. Peterkin's first novel, concerning life among the negroes on an isolated South Carolina coastlands plantation, at first sight seems to fall into the category of the traditional modification of a picaresque novel—picaresque, that is, not only for its treatment of a man outside the ordinary laws, but for its structure of thinly connected episodes. Certainly the figure of black April, the foreman of Blue Brook plantation, who gives the book its title, is of the heroic, almost grandiose, mold of the legendary protagonists of fiction. Mrs. Peterkin's story flares with some of the incidents into a compellingly vivid intensity, too high-pitched to be sustained; succeeding passages all but falter into a complete break of the mood. The emotional undercurrent, none the less, is carried forward, and in retrospect it appears that Mrs. Peterkin has done something not far from that enrichment of a native American theme which Mr. Komroff has envisioned, and has done it by composing the traditional with the newer form of the novel.

It has been said, and said again, that the three things of which enduring writing may be contrived are birth, love, and death. Mrs. Peterkin's novel opens with the birth of April's son, young Breeze. He has only one grandfather, although he has two grandmothers. Old Breeze, and April his son, have yard-children that every one knows and other children that only they and the mothers can tell about. This suggestion of a primitive condition of living is further fortified by the superstitions of Old Breeze, waiting uneasily for the child to be born and his beloved daughter relieved of her agony. She must be delivered before the tide turns and starts on the ebb, lest the dark, unknowable life within her, and that within the unseen child, take flight after the failing waters. The moon, too, is declining and promising badly for the enterprise of growing, and well for the cognate affair of fading and dying away. Old Breeze, at length, may hold himself in no longer. He goes to the mainland and brings back his old cousin with her ancient, conjuring beads and her magic chant, preserved from the dim past when their ancestors were brought from Africa as slaves.

Mrs. Peterkin is treating of the darkies variously called "Gullah" or blue-gum, who inflect the English language as if it were a tribal dialect of Africa. While Mrs. Peterkin has not transcribed the speech of these negroes with the scholarly accuracy of Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales, of the distinguished newspaper family of Columbia, S. C., she has by no means distorted it to a purely literary artifice. What she has accomplished is a lucid, yet idiomatic, racy speech for the mouths of her negroes, retaining the full-bodied integrity of the original without divorcing it from the comprehension of those unfamiliar with the source. It is comparable to the achievement of the late Mr. J. M. Synge, on the Aran Islands.

There are, thus, three factors which might well contribute to an alienation of the reader's sympathies from Mrs. Peterkin's story. She is writing of negroes in a strange and special social mode of being, whose erotic impulses move freely and untrammeled within the customarily forbidden confines of consanguineal relationship, and whose speech is almost unknown outside the rice lands of South Carolina. It is a signal triumph for Mrs. Peterkin that none of these count against "Black April." She has made a world of her own. It is true that her impersonal attitude toward the vagaries beyond the pale of these men, Old Breeze and April, disarms any feeling of revolt, but it is also true that her intention embraces a retribution for them, equally outside convention, and still further absolves the reader. Old Breeze is stricken down by his own axe in the hands of his son-in-law, married to his daughter after the coming of little Breeze, and is hacked to pieces and thrown into the river. April, whose feet lead him proudly by day over the big plantation and by night into cabins off the reservation, is betrayed in the end by thoses ame feet, turned gangrenous, cut off at the thighs, and his pride and vainglory severed with them.

This ethical sternness contributes toward a cleansing horror rather than a shuddering and soiled disgust. It does not, however, grant the reader immunity from the fascinated contemplation of the world which Mrs. Peterkin has created. Part of the power of this world depends upon Mrs. Peterkin's implication of another, contrasting world, the society of ante-bellum days, alluded to by the older negroes, when old Master, the Captain, rode along the thoroughfares of his holdings behind his handsome span of horses, or watched the workings of his dikes and sluice gates among the since abandoned and ruined rice fields. A third order of life, led by he young Master, the Captain's grandson, up North among those vaguely termed in reproach Yankees, is considered by the same older negroes to be responsible for the decay of the material and spiritual values of the Blue Brook plantation and its teeming humanity. The fervid evangelical church of the negroes, and the interpretation of its teachings expounded and exemplified by some of the darkies, provides still another expression of life. These various ways of being shade into one another, modifying each other with infinite, plastic patterns. Throughout there stalks the body or the person of April, as a sort of catalytic agent that is at the mercy of the forces from which it seems set apart.

Thus Mrs. Peterkin must appear to have fulfilled the apparently irreconcilable conditions of maintaining a single character in appropriate surroundings, developing him in dramatic incident, and of subordinating that same character to the larger vision of some major aspect of American life. The conflict between the world and the Church, or religion, has been fruitful, world without end, of literature. Sigrid Undset based her powerful triology of Norwegian life in the fourteenth century, "Kristin Lavransdatter," upon that identical theme. Mrs. Peterkin has translated it to the inevitable conditions of the United States, in its manifestations among the Southern plantation negroes. Her abstractions are organically related to her specific instances, and the story is so fluid that it is impossible to stop it at a single point and say here is the kernel, this is what she means.

Not the least of the delights of "Black April" is in the easeful picture of growing things, of small children and fat pigs, of busy mothering hens and hugely idiosyncratic mules, of chinaberry trees and dead possums, with their secretive toes curled tight against their bodies, of friendly old hound dogs and duck hunts and cotton picking and negroes dancing and quilting and Bible shouting and mourning for their dead and rejoicing in their newly born; of negroes loving and hating and fighting; of hog killing and snake killing and Spring plowing, and of the naïve acceptance of both Christianity and voodoo magic, without any sense of incongruity. The years seem to come and go regardless of the human destinies.

This is a fine and beautifully conceived book. It is not too much to call it a big book. It is not, however, perfect. Mrs. Peterkin invests her characters at times with an ill-advised sensibility. At the moment when April quarrels with his unacknowledged son, Sherry, while another unrecognized son, Little Breeze, stands by, Mrs. Peterkin seriously mars the noble austerity which the scene requires by refracting the scene through Little Breeze and by making him suffer extraordinary shivers and quavers of emotional disturbance, and by reflecting thereupon in the birds and the sky and the very ground underfoot the sorrow that wrings the heart of Little Breeze. That sort of overwrought receptivity and reactiveness is repeated elsewhere in the novel sufficiently often to flaw the work, yet not bulking large enough to overshadow the excellence of the book as a whole. "Black April" is a notable book in itself and an earnest of still finer fiction to come from Mrs. Peterkin.

Negro Cabin in the South.

Photo by Keystone View Co., Inc.

Uncle Tom.

Photo by Whitesell N. O.

CREOLE JUMBO

By S. A [illegible]EEL

Fifty years ago there was a book store in the heart of the business district of Boston that was a sort of literary shrine to visitors. Its interest arose from the fact that it had been a kind of loafing place for the great men of letters who made America famous, and whose pens were more potent than the sword to overthrow the civilization of the south. The humorous Oliver Wendell Holmes, the serious Nathaniel Hawthorne, the dignified Boswell, the musical Longfellow, the dreamy Emerson, the eloquent Channing and the dogmatic Theodore Parker frequented the place, and browsed among the books that crowded its shelves and were piled on its counters. While in Boston once I visited the place, and while I knew none of the literary celebrities whose presence had made it famous, I enjoyed being in the haunt of their genius, and felt the subtle inspiration of their invisible presence. The memory of great men breeds greatness in the soul.

While looking at random over the books piled in careless heaps, my eye was attracted by an unusual title, "The Causes of Anglo-Saxon Superiority." I bought the book, and found it to be worth many times the price I paid for it. It was a careful study by a distinguished French writer, Edward Demoulins, of the social, political, economic and educational differences between the civilizations of the French and English peoples. The title correctly describes the book. The author admits the superiority of the "indiviualistic" type of the Anglo-Saxon over the "communistic" type of the Celtic peoples, and his book was an honest, but as events so far would seem to prove, a futile effort to arouse a national interest in France in the regeneration of the French.

The occasion of his writing the book was exciting, and some of us remember the thrills of the period. Thirty years ago a daring French explorer stood for a few moments in the spotlight of the civilized world. Major Marchand started in at Timbuctoo, or somewhere in the western part of the great African desert, called the Sahara, and marched over its burning sands eastward, coming out at a little collection of mud huts and palm trees on the Nile River, called Fashoda, in the Sudan. He raised the French tri-color flag at Fashoda, and claimed all the barren waste he had traversed for France by right of discovery. A hundred miles up the Nile at Omderman, there was an English force commanded by the famous Lord Kitchner, whose mysterious disappearance when on his way to Russia in the World War, was one of the tragedies of the conflict. There was no finer soldier in the English, or any other army. He was one of my military heroes. As soon as Kitchner learned that the French colors had been raised at Fashoda, he notified Marchand that he was on British territory, and demanded that the flag of France be hauled down. Marchand refused, and referred the question to Paris, asking for instructions. He was instructed to keep the colors flying, and he so notified Kitchner. Kitchner got in touch with London, and was told that the flag flying at Fashoda must come down. Paris refused, and at once the smoke began to pour from the funnels of the big British sea-dogs and there was a stir in Kitchner's camp. It looked like war between England and France, and for a few days every eye was strained to see if the bit of tri-color still fluttered from its staff on the bank of the Nile. But when the French ministry saw that it meant war, they backed down, and down came the flag at Fashoda!

Of course, the French were angry and the author of this book asked himself the question: Why is it that every time France meet England in the road, France has to step aside and give England the right of way? France owned an empire in America; but England came, and France withdrew. France owned an empire in India; but England came, and France gave way. And when France claims an empire in Africa, at England's demand her flag must be furled, and her claim annulled! So Demoulins wrote his book to solve the problem why France had to give way, and he found the secret of the superiority of the English in the fact that each Englishman was the British empire in miniature, self-reliant, energetic and aggressive. Drop a Frenchman anywhere—in America, or Africa, or Asia—and his aim is to make enough money to return to France, get to Paris, and give his son or his daughter a chance to have a career. Drop an Englishman down anywhere, in the jungles of the tropics or amid Arctic snows, and his aim is to settle, and build a home, and to make that home self-supporting, each home a replica of the British empire. In short, this intelligent and serious Frenchman, in analyzing Anglo-Saxon civilization, found that the secret of its strength was in the home.

He was right. The family is the unit of our social system, and the home is the nursery of the family. Marriage, which is the oldest as it is the holiest institution in the world, is the foundation of the home. There can be no home that is not based on indissoluble marriage. The sanctity of the marriage bond is the security of the home. These are truisms, as every moralist knows; and yet the home is threatened with destruction now, and we have no graver task than to preserve it from absolute ruin. Our changed social conditions, the rush we are in, the emphasis we place on business, the amusements that allure both young and old away from the hearthstone, are all unfavorable to home life; while the loose sentiment about marriage makes divorce as inevitable as it is disastrous. I was speaking recently with the pastor of a city church about pastoral visiting, which used to be a prime function of the minister's office, and he said it is a memory of a vanished state. There is no home to visit now. In the forenoon and part of the afternoon the children are at school, and the man of the house is at the store: in the evening all are at the picture show. Looking over the social column in the paper and consulting the "social calendar" for the week, there was some "function," or "club," or church meeting, for every afternoon, and many of the women attend several of these meetings.

All of this is true of life in the city; bu' we still have homes in the country, and our great problem is to improve the country home. Nearly everybody in the country wants to go to the city; and the way people live in the country, I don't wonder or blame them. Life on the farm is hard. The way it is done it is real drudgery, and it is especially hard on women. But it need not be so; and I think it is gradually becoming less so. The problem is to lighten labor on the farm and make the country home attractive. I will never forget my first trip to the north. While I was a student at Emory and Henry College in Virginia Mr. George W. Palmer, a wealthy man, invited me to go as his guest on a visit to New York. That trip was an eye-opener to me in a hundred ways. After rambling around New York City and seeing the sights there, I went up the Hudson to Albany on the "day boat," feasting my very soul on the enchanting scenery and the historic localities of the region. Highland crags wreathed with legends of the olden time, and the whole country lying under a golden mist of romance. At Albany I took the train for Syracuse, the old home of Mr. Palmer, where his father and others of his family still lived. It was there that I first saw the manufacture of salt, and as I looked at the huge piles of white salt I said to those Yankees: "I see now how you could whip us—you had salt!"

Mr. Palmer took me out to his father's home, six or seven miles in the country. It was a small farm of 14 acres; yet on that little plat of land Mr. Palmer, the senior, had raised a family of children, some of whom had become rich men for that time. His son whose guest I wast on that trip was a millionaire. They were abundantly able to provide a costly home in the city for him, and wanted to ease his old age of the burden of work; but he stuck to his little farm, and that farm was a wonder in the ingenious labor-saving devices he had installed. His barn was about a hundred feet from his house, and a covered way led to it, so he was able in any weather to reach it without exposure. There was no mud about the barn or in the lot, for the ground was well drained, and gutters on his barn roof conveyed the water into a large tank where it was saved for his stock. I noticed the floor of the stalls in his stable, or barn, as he called it, sloped to a sort of trough, into which it was easy to sweep all the droppings of the animals; and he was as careful in preserving the manure from his barn as if it had been gold, said it was gold to him. Everything was kept dry. His barn was a model of cleanliness and convenience. He had a little room in it for his harness and another for his tools. He had his wagon harness hung on hooks suspended from the joists of the barn, just as they used to have the harness of the fire engines; so that all he had to do when he wanted to hitch up his team was to back the horses under harness, and let it down on them. And he did all of his own work—with the help of a big calf! He had a long shaft that started at his kitchen and ran to his barn. This shaft was fitted with bands that were run by a wheel turned by a moveable platform on which a fat yearling calf had to keep walking. The weight of the calf turned the wheel, and by shifting the bands the man sawed his wood, pumped his water, cut his feed, and delivered everything where he wanted it! When I saw how he made a calf do all the work about the place, I felt like going behind the barn and kicking myself for being a fool. I had to do on our farm all the work that calf did, and that with a dozen fat calves standing idle and looking at me.

A gasoline motor is better than a calf for power now, and a man living on a farm may reduce his labor to a minimum by installing a little motor, or gasoline engine rigged up like that Syracuse farmer had his calf-machine. He might convert what is drudgery into pleasure, and make what is heavy, light and agreeable. The automobile has brought a great deal of pleasure to the farmer, but an engine to do his farm work would cost no more than an auto, and would bring greater comfort to the family. We need to improve our country homes. We take pains with our city homes, why not take the same pains to improve and beautify our country homes; plant out ornamental and shade trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and lawn grasses, and cover the fences and outbuildings with vines so as to make the stable and barn beautiful, instead of being unsightly as many are. We live in town, and milady is greatly put to it to get "woods earth" for her flower beds; but in the country all that is needed for growing plants is at hand, and with a little skill can be utilized to make the home beautiful and attractive. There is great need for our country houses to be painted and the fences and out-houses whitewashed, not alone for the sake of the looks of the place, but to preserve the timber and to promote health. A muddy lot, and a pig sty where fat shoats are up to their bellies in fifth, are a disgrace to a farmer. Dilapidated buildings and fences are a shame, and any man who has not self respect and energy enough to keep up his home does his children a rank injustice, for such an environment is sure to tell on their character. Get busy now that spring is coming on, and make your home in the country beautiful. Get a rural magazine, look at the pictures, and try to make your home as beautiful as the picture. If something like this could happen to our country homes the constant drift of our best people from the country to the city would be checked.

I am writing this in a country home. It is above the average in neatness and comfort. I insist on waiting on myself, since there are no servants, and for the first time in a long while I draw water from a deep well with a windlass. I see where many of the labor-saving devices I have suggested might transform this home, and make the duties light and easy that are now heavy and exacting, while a coat of paint would make the house, now drab and weather-worn, a place of beauty. The women paint their cheeks, and if they do it with taste, it greatly enhances their beauty. When what should be a delicate rose-tint becomes a splotch of blood on a woman's cheek, it simply means that she is coarse and unrefined, and don't know how to use her cosmetics. You will probably find that her underskirts show, the sure sign of good roads and facilities for transit, a home in the country 5 miles away from the city its demoralizing excitements amusements is the place to up the family.

Bibliography -1927

ODYSSEY OF AN AFRICAN TRADER

Alfred Horn's Long Adventurous Life on the Ivory Coast

TRADER HORN: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn, an "Old Visiter." Taken down and edited by Ethelreda Lewis. With a foreword by John Galsworthy. New York: Simon & Schuster. $4.

WERE it not for the "Foreword" by John Galsworthy one would be more than inclined to set down "Trader Horn" as a literary hoax. But when Mr. Galsworthy states that he "had the pleasure of meeting the 'Old Visiter' and his editor in Johannesburg; and that he is in very truth the 'character' disclosed," cavil has no place, and the book must be taken at its face value. And it is an amazing value; many times above par. The person designated as "Trader Horn"—Alfred Aloysius Horn, and with only the last name fictitious—has lived in Africa first as prospector and trader, and latterly as peddler and author, for all but some eighteen of the years allotted as man's span of life; the book which Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, novelist in South Africa, has put together, is Horn's Odyssey.

Mrs. Lewis has adopted an ingenious plan. Each chapter is written by the Trader, by the "Old Visiter," as Horn styles himself in his own inimitable spelling, and to each chapter she appends a verbatim transcription of Horn's supplementary comment on delivery of his script. Mrs. Lewis "discovered" this remarkable creature when he came to her house to sell her kitchenware, when she was convinced by his extraordinary range of expression, and his equally extraordinary point of view, that she was dealing with a wholly unusual person. With a novelist's instinct she perceived at once that here was a "gold mine," to use Galsworthy's phrase; and she proceeded to get out the ore. Thus, although Mrs. Lewis styles herself "editor," she has tampered little with her protégé's literary endeavors; the reader has not merely Horn's autobiography, he also is stung with the tang and flavor of the old man himself.

Mrs. Lewis has suppressed names of living persons, she states; and as already noted, she has given her Trader a fictitious surname. But Alfred Aloysius—these names she would not relinquish any more than the "Visiter" himself would relinquish them. She quotes Horn:

> Aloysius? 'Tis a saint's name. It's our custom to give a lad two names. One to make his way through life with and the other to be bugled out when he knocks at Heaven's gate. That'll be the end of my travels. Unless there's room for roamers there too. One can always hope there's some forethought for human nature, be it Heaven or Hell. A feller that's been a prospector, always with his eye somewhere else than what he's standing on, won't be too agreeably placed on those golden floors they speak of.

And this last, if not orthodoxy, is pretty much the trader the reader will find in the book. It is possible there is something of romancing in the narrative. Or should it be set down to an old man's failing memory? If Trader Horn read Rider Haggard, and then became a little confused in his mind as to where his own adventures ended and those he had taken over subconsciously from the romancing author began, does it really matter? The substratum of biographical fact is clearly of sufficient solidity and depth to sustain the edifice reared there on; and if the façade of that edifice has some borrowed ornamentation it is rendered thereby the more attractive to the sight.

Horn went out to Africa at the age of seventeen or eighteen. One is never sure which. He had been educated at St. Edward's College in Liverpool; and no little of that education, as the reader will find out for himself, clung to him throughout life. But most of it, certainly all the more cumbersom and non-utilitarian acquirements, he soon sloughed off. A lad who becomes blood-brother to cannibals, who is initiated into Voodoo, has little use for classical learning.

> Egbo, Ma'am? I've been blood-brother to cannibals. No need to say been, I still am. Nothing destroys the bond but death. Cannibals? The most moral race on earth. The women chaste and the men faithful. I've lived amongst them like a brother, a young lad clean and safe. Safer than what he'd a been in London. The rite of egbo's a safer accomplishment than French when you're hunting ivory.

Just why Horn left England for the Ivory Coast he does not make plain. Perhaps for no less prosaic a reason than to make a living; perhaps, and it seems from acquaintance with his pages, because he was moved by the world-wide and ever-hovering spirit of adventure. Yes, this was surely the reason, else why should one kindle so at his words? "Did I tell you I'd heard the gorilla first when I was a lad of seventeen? Ma'am, did I mention to you that I've seen a white woman goddess of Isorga?" If it was not the desire for adventure that sent Horn to Africa, it was love of adventure that held him there. And for further proof, Trader Horn's philosophy is that of the adventurer, not that of the man of commerce.

> If only there was something at the end of life that isn't philanthrophy. Something that, when a man's mapped out a wild river in cannibal country, it'll not be overlooked in the latter end, nor his record smothered under black philanthropy. * * * There's no denying that Death does his best for the sailors. There's less than half of them die in their beds. The undertakers'll never encourage a man to go to sea. The sea's the sailor's home, and it's there he'll be found on the ultimate day.

Trader Horn, although chiefly engaged in hunting, has always a lively interest in the manners and customs of the many animals of the African wilds. It would not be wide of the mark to say that his is a human interest. He seems never to have enjoyed slaughtering beasts purely for the love of slaughter. On the contrary. "Big game hunters—an equatorial gang of cut-throats, wasting wild life to make what they call a bag," is his scornful way of speaking.

> The Ivory Coast [Horn writes] was skirted with long islands, and there was a navigable passage. Almost any time of day whilst sailing through these channels one could see herds of nyari, wild cattle, grazing peacefully in the itoves, or pastures, whilst the Congo buffalo and many deer and antelopes made a home here. These islands were infested with injogus, or large leopards, and many of these were man-eaters and more dangerous than lions. Gorillas were plentiful.

But Africa, if the Dark Continent, is also the enchanted land. Trader Horn is appreciative of beauty in variety, but he has not the reproducing pen. When a book is so artless as his narrative one cannot speak of blemishes, as one would of studied art. For vitalized and vitalizing pictures of Africa one would go, not to Horn, but to Powys, or to Conrad, although the latter's pictures are usually of other tropical places than Africa. But one finds in Horn's chapters the rough material just as it presented itself to the selecting and transforming eye of such natural artists as Powys and Conrad; one is aware of the sensations they felt from the contacts. In the book before us we feel, see and smell Africa. Curiously, one does not hear Africa; nor is this so curious, after all, for, as more than one writer has made report, except as an elephant crashes through the bush, except for the monkeys chattering in the tree-tops, there is little sound. In the rivers the water moves sluggishly; and on the surface of the water the cannibals move silently in their canoes; they glide silently through the forest. Horn enables one to feel the smothering effect of tropic Africa.

Trader Horn's chief occupation, as already noted, was the gathering of ivory. And he was not merely a trader for ivory, buying from the natives who had done the hunting and killing. He also went on the hunts himself, as not every white man might do, for not every white man is admitted to blood-brotherhood. Very probably, one is likely to conclude from reading Horn, not every white man would care greatly to go through the rites, although Horn makes it plain that it was Egbo alone which saved him on more than one occasion. Many of the pages are devoted to hunting the elephant.

> The elephant hunt [he writes] makes a pretty splash of activity. What's so peculiar about that way of catching them [by enticing them into an enclosure], is ey'll walk round and round in a or a day or a couple of days, g the leader, and never thinking king through the brushwood. y when they get exhausted that turn and eat the bananas that em in.

It is easy, we are told, to catch an elephant once one has made up one's mind ot to be a gentleman about it. But one must be a gentleman in killing an elephant! "You've got to give an elephant his congé in no

(*Continued on Page 25*)

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shameful manner. The lion, too—he's such a sensible soul. Dainty, too, like a lady, over his food. It's only certain portions he'll tolerate. The hyena now'll not leave two bootsfull of his kill, nor of anybody else's kill. He's a coarse feller, no death's bad enough for him."

Something which few travelers have told about is a fight between elephants themselves, and Horn's description of such a contest of heavyweights is something the sports editors have so far overlooked.

The two fighters did not charge each other, but with head to head pressed each other back. There were great gaps in the sand caused by the weight and pressure of the fighters as they moved slowly in a circle. Now the younger one was forced head to ground and seemed fagged out and was bleeding from tusk wounds, and the larger elephant, taking advantage of his position, now forced his head up and jabbed him fiercely several times with his tusks. The fight was about up, I thought, and I gave the motion to fire.

It is not the intention of the present writer to convey the impression that Trader Horn's book is devoted exclusively to the animal life of the Ivory Coast, but that aspect of the book is, perhaps, the most interesting. And in any case it cannot be dismissed without one more quotation:

I left the big lake before daybreak and soon after sunrise was in the Ogowe River, which was very low. As we passed the big sandbars huge crocodiles slipped into the water from the banks on which they had lain mouth open whilst the tick birds picked their teeth free from insects, &c. Hippos were numerous, while waterfowl, herons, egrets and many other birds were busy feeding on the fish that come yearly in great numbers from the sea to spawn. The crocodiles grow to a tremendous size, and I measured some of them, especially one who often could be seen on the long sandbank. From the tip of his tail mark on the sand to his nose he easily measured over thirty-three feet, was olive-green in color to dark mud green, whilst his jaws were crooked so as to give him a fine hold on any animal he once closed them on. No one had ever bothered him, and I have often passed him at less than ten-foot distance. He would then walk leisurely to the water's edge and would slip into the river quite unconcernedly. His skin was spotted with dark brown spots.

Horn's experiences with the natives were at times hair-raising; but he was in danger only with those tribes which were not cannibals, with whom he was always protected by his blood-fellowship. Horn is very hazy as to facts and sequences of events, and the reader will do well not to take the narrative as a continuity of the author's experience. Many of the experiences through which Horn passes are evidently those of his later years, as, for instance, when in command of a river steamer of considerable size and draft, he engages in a battle with a village, all the warriors from which come out to the attack. On the other hand, the final chapters of the book, which tell of the rescue of the white woman, goddess in Isorga, Nina T——, from the "temple," with whatever mingling of truth and romance there may be, go back to his earlier days.

It is perhaps unfair to the "Old Visiter" to discount somewhat this bit of romance, with the whispered words to the "goddess," planning the abduction under the eyes, the very drunken eyes, of her captors, witch-doctors all. It is no doubt unfair to smile indulgently at the episode of spinning a gold coin to see whether Trader Horn shall marry her himself or whether she shall be the bride of his friend who has come out from England. If the tale seems to lean a little on Rider Haggard in its development, and especially in its embroideries, there is, very probably, a substratum of truth. The daughter of a dead white trader might easily be looked on by these credulous negroes as possessing supernatural powers, and so be elevated by them to what they considered a position of honor. And even if the narrative strays a little from strict fact, the winning of the chief with a music box is sufficiently convincing, whether the purpose was to abduct a lady or to steal a diamond. And evidently Horn was more pleased with his writing of the "goddess" than with any other part of his book.

It must be admitted that as a writer Horn is not so engaging as he is as a talker. Mrs. Lewis has left his sentences as he penned them, with his spellings and his freedom from punctuation. But he is plainly turgid; and one can but gasp at the opportunity he has missed in picturing his Africa. But when it comes to the matter of the addenda to the chapters, the words taken down by Horn's editor as they fell from the old man's lips, there is found a native richness of language, a graphic utterance, which among conscious artists is equaled only by Kipling:

And if it's temples you're wanting, what about that one up the river I told you of where Tom and I used to go for a bit of rest from the gold? Take a bit of grub and our rifles—you had to be careful in those days, when lions were jumping about in bunches. Sheba's country, I've heard it called. And some call it the Watch Walls of the Dead. Any amount of graves up there. Graves of the gold-seekers, that's what they are. And the quaggas cried from the walls and played up and down the stairway with their little hoofs echoing. Fierce creatures, but they like to sleep safe from the lions. Funny echoes there—what with one thing and another. And nothing but the silence to listen to them and shout back to them.

It is a strange book, a weird book, an amazing book, this of "Trader Horn." It is worth reading, not for the reasons that other books are worth reading, but for reasons of its own. It casts a spell over one. Is it a Voodoo spell; or is it something more honest, with less of charlatanism? We guess the latter. Indeed, the secret is likely to be found in the spirit of the old man adventuring all but three of his threescore and ten years in a hostile land, daring of eye and stout of heart. Indeed, he himself has given the animating rubric: "Keep your self-respect between your teeth! A fight lost in Africa's the world lost. Other places'll give you a second chance. The Ivory Coast gives you only one."

Georgia Douglas Johnson's Play to be Published

(Preston News Service.)

New York, June 30.—Samuel French, Inc., New York and London publishers, have just signed a contract to publish "Plumes," a one-act play by Georgia Douglas Johnson. This play received first prize in the recent "Opportunity" magazine contest. Appleton and Co., New York, are bringing out two one-act plays by Negro writers in a collection called "Fifty more contemporary one-act plays." "Blue Blood," by Georgia Douglas Johnson, and another play by Willis Richardson of Washington, D. C., are in this collection. Both these writers have won prizes offered by the "Crisis" and "Opportunity" magazines.

Boston, New York, Washington and Cleveland have put on some very interesting one-act play programs and the call for them is becoming insistent and strong. Negro life is intensely dramatic and an intelligent handling of themes universal in appeal is proving most attractive and popular.

AUG 6 1922

Is Negro Exhorting High Art, Too?

GOD'S TROMBONES. By James Weldon Johnson. Viking. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. M. March

AS AN addition to the already considerable Afro-Americana we now have, these seven negro sermons in verse hold scholastic interest; their importance is chiefly one of recordance and their relation to Afro-American art as such is dubious.

The author's preface and the sermons that follow are inseparable in this book; but even with the support of the preface there is too much lacking, too great a gap to be filled in by imagination. These sermons have their roots deep in oratory. Their originators, whom Mr. Johnson has heard filled them with the richness and excitement of intonation, modulated them, syncopated them with movements, gestures, clasps of the hand, endowed them with climactic rhythms. Audiences were swept away by mass emotion under rendition of this sort—but such a phenomenon is not unknown in the tents of any evangelist worth his (or her) salt. One can simply say that negro evangelists have also done this sort of thing quite successfully.

Mr. Johnson has chosen not to write these seven sermons in negro dialect, and his ideas on that score in the preface are worth reading, inasmuch as they show a tendency and give ample grounds for dispute. Furthermore, the sermons are done in free verse of a comparatively loose type. The rhythms do not "catch." Their structure and balance are vague; you will not find syncopation, for the basis of syncopation is strict rhythm.

The content of the sermons is very simple and in most cases consists merely of a Bible story told with naive alterations. These alterations, I think are seldom an improvement on the original; but such adaptations are more or less usual, and the skillful evangelist makes use of them whenever possible; it is fundamentally a matter of bringing the Bible message into the emotional and intellectual grasp of the audience. What these sermons and any other sermons show is the emotional and intellectual grasp of the audience. Unless one is very naive, I do not see how he can be moved by their intellectual approach. As to the emotional side, that is a different matter. Little of it seeps through into these verses. They are almost as incomplete as words set to music without the music.

It would be interesting to see how these negro sermons would compare with almost any well-known evangelist's sermons slightly rearranged and done into free verse.

The illustrations by Aaron Douglas deserve attention. They are formally decorative black and white designs, very stylized. Basically they are silhouette, relieved by overlays that give them a faintly three-dimensional look. They supplement the book strikingly, their chief misfortune being that they do not wear well.

History Of Famous 25th Infantry Published

NEW YORK.—The regimental history of the famous colored regiment the 25th Infantry of the United States Army, has recently been published thru the Smith-Brooks Printing Company of Denver, Colo., according to a letter addressed to the N. A. A. C. P. and signed by L. A. Carter, chaplain of the 25th Infantry and Secretary-Manager of the Department Military History.

Slater Fund Publishes Brochure On Africa

The John F. Slater Fund has just published "Native African Races and Culture" as Ocasional Papers No. 25 by James Weldon Johnson.

Mr. Johnson gives a brief, but comprehensive picture of the contributions to civilization made by African Negroes and dispels the often asserted defense of slavery in the United States that Negroes were brought to America empty handed and received all they possess here in America.

Among these contributions are political and governing systems, development of agriculture, contributions to music and the plastic arts and discovery of processes for smelting iron.

Of a Thousand Thrills

'Jack' Johnson—In the Ring and Out," by Jack Johnson. National Sports Publishing Co., 383 E. 36th St., Chicago. Price $2.

Bibliography - 1927

"No Negro Literary Renaissance," Says Well Known Writer

By DR. HUBERT H. HARRISON

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Dr. Harrison, who contributed an article in a recent issue on West Indians, is a staff lecturer for the New York City Board of Education. Although it publishes his article, The Courier does not necessarily subscribe to all of his statements. This newspaper is simply trying to arouse helpful and constructive discussion, out of which may grow a practical and sound program for our younger writers. Equal space will be given to any literary critic qualified to reply to this article.]

NEW YORK, March 10.—Doubtless you who now read these lines are "genuinely interested" in the Negro as he has been exhibited in recent or contemporary literature by white and Negro writers. Perhaps you are even one of the intelligentsia (the "g" is hard as in "get"), or one of the "new" Negroes. Of course, you know who wrote "The American Cavalryman," "The Leopard's Claw," "Veiled Aristocrats" or "The Vengeance of the Gods." No? Really? Dear me! But we will let that pass. These things are fiction and are not perhaps important. Though I did think that since you have bought and read "Nigger Heaven" you might have also read Miss Sanborn's book wherein a white author does try to hold your race up.

Well, then— But, surely, you know who is Alrutheus Ambush Taylor, and are acquainted with that fine sonnet on "The Mulatto;" have read Ferris' book, or at least know it by name? What! "Sidelights on Negro Soldiers," then? Or, "Two Colored Women With the A. E. F." or that immortal poem by the Baltimore poet entitled "Lenox Avenue"? No? Then, exactly what do you mean when you talk about a Negro literary renaissance?

Seriously, the matter of a Negro literary renaissance is like that of the snakes of Ireland—there isn't any. Those who think that there are usually people who are blissfully ignorant of the stream of literary and artistic products which have flowed uninterruptedly from Negro writers from 1850 to the present. If you ask them about the historical works of Major Wilson, George Williams, William C. Nell, William Wells Brown, Rufus L. Perry, Atticus G. Haygood; the essays of T. Thomas Fortune, the fictional writings of Negroes from Francis E. Watkins to Pauline Hopkins, Dunbar and Chesnutt, they stammer and evade to cover up their confusion. And if anyone thinks that this is true only of casual colored people, I beg him to consider the following case:

In the year 1905 Professor W. E. B. DuBois of Atlanta University was hailed by black and white people as pre-eminently the "scholar" of the race. If anyone was an authority on the Negro American he was assuredly "it". In that same year the learned literateur brought forth under the auspices of Atlanta University a work which was meant to be authoritative. It was entitled "A Select Bibliography of the Negro American". Now, when this family album was assembled Charles W. Chesnutt, the greatest Negro-American novelist, had already published "The Conjure Woman", "The Wife of His Youth", "The House Behind the Cedars" and "The Marrow of Tradition". Yet you will search Dr. DuBois' bibliography of 1905 in vain for any mention of Chesnutt. But that is nothing unusual for Dr. DuBois. In his family magazine for February, 1927, he lists under "The Looking Glass" an unusual article by a black West Indian author in a white magazine called "The Modern Quarterly"—but he studiously refrains from mentioning the writer's name, although it was and is perfectly well known to him. He did something similar to Mr. George S. Schuyler recently. The significant thing is that this is not peculiar to Dr. DuBois, but is a common trait of all our "guardians of the gate". No one can name a single Negro author or artist whom any one of them "discovered". They blissfully wait until some white person stumbles on him (as was the case with Dunbar, William Lonsdale Brown, Charles Gilpin and Countee Cullen) before they venture to acknowledge him; with the result that each such casual discoverer thinks that the stream of Negro literary production bubbled up at the precise point where he discovered it. And, so long as through the niggardly narrowness of the cowardly critical defect of such people the white man (who doesn't know our literary history) remains our only vendor of values in Negro writings, so long will we be cursed with Jejune Jazz artists who must have managed to hop over both Burns and Dunbar in their wild gyrations.

For, let it be said once for all, that if the hysteria of uneducated kiddies with which we are being deluged at this time is poetry, then the writings of Milton, Keats, Lowell, Dunbar, Hawkins and Claude McKay must be something else. At the moment of writing this I learn that one of these kiddies who has perpetrated two books of alleged "poems" is engaged in studying at school, for the first time, Milton's "Paradise Lost". One does insist that a violinist should have studied the violin and what has been done on it before venturing to ask people to pay for his performances. The same applies to a washerwoman with clothes—and to the entire range of art that links the two. One doesn't object to youth: Byron, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson were all youths when they mastered the technique of verse. But they mastered it first. And, after all, literature is the expression of life-values in terms of word-values. How, then, can we get literature from those who haven't lived, who haven't even read?

Over the Van Vechten matter Chicago, Pittsburgh and even Charleston have begun to sneer at this mushroom mentality, product of that enfeeblement which follows whenever the more sturdy types of mankind ape the more sophisticated and neurotic without understanding what they ape. The Negro has something to give to American literature; but that something will follow the line of "The Chipwoman's Fortune" rather than those of "Salome" or "Lulu Belle". It will root itself in the abler work of Walter White (his first novel). In scholarship it will build on Brawley, Taylor, Sinclair, Cromwell and Woodson—that is, something more solid than the mere knowing of their names! It will see in McKay and Watkins the only capable poets of our race today—as Dunbar was two decades ago—and will recognize in Countee Cullen (who is NOT a minister's son!) the one youngster marked out by Nature for a poet, with a fine development ahead of him rather than adequate achievement behind him. It will discover the virile short stories of William Pickens and the reason why no white critic praises them. It will pounce on the earlier work of Kelly Miller and DuBois (before the one began to talk twaddle in print and the other to imitate himself, like an ancient and animated dowager). But in that day the Negro writer will be going for his authority on race-values, not to Mr. Reuter (who lists Kelly Miller as a mulatto!) nor to Mr. Herskovits (who in a review of Talbot's recent work on Nigeria shows a woeful ignorance of that author's earlier studies), but to the place where he should go—to the broad bosom of his own people.

This "Negro literary renaissance" had its existence at present only in the noxious night life of Greenwich Village neurotics who invented it, not for the black brothers' profit but their own. Nor do their darker dupes stand on any safer ground. If anyone, in public, should care to pick any decade between 1850 and 1910 I will undertake to present from among the Negroes of that decade as many writers and (with Schomburg to back me) as many lines of literary and artistic endeavor as he can show for this decade. And I go further! I will also undertake to show (with perhaps three exceptions) more able Negro writers for any decade in that period than can be found today. The challenge is open to anyone—but I do suggest that they read some of the things referred to before they take up the gage.

And now, a word in closing about this Negro Harlem which the neurotics of the New Jerusalem have discovered. It has brains: I say this because I know, having lived in it for twenty years. I can walk a mile from the place where this is written and converse with the ablest economist (I used to teach economics to whites) of our race. A few blocks north I can shake hands with our best biologist (barring Ernest Just). I am acquainted with a journalist who slings niftier prose than anyone else whom I know, and a scholar whose book reveals a wider historic knowledge of racial contacts than any other scholar, white or black. Their names? Well, you would not recognize them if I gave them here. For Harlem doesn't "boost" Harlem.

Some time soon there will be a genuine literary renaissance, a release of creative energy which will face the task of expressing the life values of our people in prose-forms redolent with the tang of great literature, with poetry that bubbles up honestly and spontaneously out of the wide experience and understanding of the Head: out of the warm intuitions of the Heart. But, depend upon it, there will be nothing in that Real Renaissance for neurotics to exploit. The men and women who create it will have to stand crucifixion upon the publishers' calvarys; they will not care to publish their writings. (For so long as the Negro plays the mountebank or the coward so long will his Boys' Brigades be worth playing with.) None of the white experts on "Negro" literature today seem to have heard of Taylor, Browne or Rogers, while they are tying ribbons on the little tabby-kittens whose reputations will be as dead as David's sow a short ten years from now. Even so, in that day to come, will they ignore all those who will be doing the good work in which neurotics find no bait for their perverted self-esteem.

Rasselas

"Rasselas" is the title of a philosophical story written by Dr. Samuel Johnson and published in 1759. Rasselas is prince of Abyssinia, and with the rest of the royal family, he was confined in a private paradise. He escaped with his sister, Mekayah, and Imlac the poet. They wandered about to find out what rank of life was the most happy. After careful investigation, Rasselas found no lot without its drawbacks, and resolved to return to the "happy valley."

NEW YORK TIMES

JAN 15 1927

NEGRO RECORDS IN LIBRARY

Schomburg Collection Accepted at Exercises in 135th St. Branch.

The Arthur A. Schomburg collection of negro literature was formally presented to the New York Public Library last night, and opened to the public, at the 135th Street branch of the library, where it will remain permanently. The collection, which comprises 4,000 articles, including books dating back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, manuscripts of negro authors, rare prints, magazines and newspapers, was presented to the Public Library by Frederic Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation, which recently purchased the collection for $10,000 from Mr. Schomburg, who had spent many years in gathering it. It was accepted by Franklin F. Hopper, chief of the circulation department of the Public Library.

The principal speaker at the exercises was Mr. Schomburg, who told of the difficulties he had encountered in gathering the collection, and expressed the hope that it would prove of value to historians and writers on negro history and sociology. Henry Goddard Leach, editor of The Forum, and L. Hollingswith Wood spoke in praise of the acquisition. Miss Ernestine Rose branch librarian, presided.

Life of Paul Robeson Written By White Woman

NEW YORK, Mar. 17.—A life sketch of Paul Robeson, the race's greatest actor, appears in "Fire Under the Andes," by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, a new book of portraits of eminent Americans published last week by Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth avenue. Sketches of some others appearing in the same work are Amy Lowell, William Allen White, Eugene O'Neill, Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The book contains 300 pages and sells for $4.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Jerome Dowd. London: Jonathan Cape. Pp. xix. 411. 21s. net.

There is, perhaps, no subject which it is so difficult for an American writer to discuss without bias as the problem of the negro. White man or coloured, Northerner or Southerner, he is bound to be influenced, consciously or subconsciously, by early associations and personal feelings. Mr. Dowd seems to have liberated himself from such prejudices as far as is humanly possible. He spent his youth in North Carolina and is today Professor of Sociology in the University of Oklahoma, but his attitude is nearly as detached as could be that of a visiting Englishman. If on certain matters he holds the normal Southern-white view, he shows that he has reached his conclusions after honest thought and inquiry, which, he tells us, he has been carrying on for twenty years.

This volume may be commended as an exceptionally useful guide to the study of the recent history and present conditions of what the author describes as "certainly the most interesting race in the world." The book is full of it is virtually a cyclopædia of the American negro. One may refer to it for up-to-date information on every phase of the subject—economic status, social life, politics, crime, religion, education, literature, art. There is a special chapter on "The Negro in the World War" and another on that curious phenomenon of negro migration which has attracted so much attention of late years. In the second part of the book Professor Dowd criticises in turn the proposed solutions of the problem—amalgamation, colonisation abroad, segregation within the United States, political equality, and so on—and makes it clear that each of them is nothing but a mirage. His acute analysis of the various schemes that have been advocated from time to time will produce on the minds of most readers a sense of depression. There is no solution. The best that America can do is to give active support, as Professor Dowd urges, to one or other of those movements for inter-racial co-operation that are the most welcome feature of the present situation.

H. W. H.

BOOKS BY WILLIAM PICKENS TO BE TRANSLATED INTO THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE

NEW YORK, June 16 (ANP)—Vahan Totoventz, an Armenian Scholar, asks privilege of translating into that language the life story and other books by William Pickens. and continues:

I have been in America myself from 1909 to 1915 and have written many short stories about the sufferings of Colored people under the American democracy. I think it will be very interesting for our people to read your own works about your own people."

Russia has already translated "Bursting Bonds," is now translating "The Vengeance of the Gods," and Germans have asked the privilege of translating the same books.

THREE BOOKS ON AFRICA.

IN ASHANTI AND BEYOND. By A. W. Cardinal. London: Seeley, Service and Co. Pp. 288. 21s. net.

SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN. By C. W. Domville Fife. London: Seeley, Service, and Co. Pp. 284. 21s. net.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF KENYA. By J. A. Massam. London: Seeley, Service and Co. Pp. 267. 21s. net.

Additions to the vast number of books about Africa are being made continually, and in the majority of cases they make good their claim to consideration. It is still the case that out of Africa there is always something new. Slowly, by intensive study, our knowledge of the widely varying races of this vast area increases, and the practical value of a scientific understanding of native custom for purposes of administration and development becomes more widely recognised. Of the three books under notice, each in its different way illustrates both the variety and the complexity of the problems which confront Great Britain as the Power responsible for the administration of the greater part of tropical Africa. This is all the more striking as the authors approach their respective subjects from very different points of view.

Mr. Domville Fife, fresh from the forests of the Amazon, writes as an explorer intent on untrodden fields and unknown peoples. The areas in the upper reaches of the Nile and the Southern Sudan—the country of the Dinka, the Shilluk, the Nuer, and the Nuba,—which have not been visited previously by Europeans, as he speedily realised, are not comparable to the vast untouched tracts of South America. Their peoples have already been described; nor was Mr. Fife's stay of sufficient duration to enable him to obtain any deep insight into customs and beliefs. He is, however, a keen observer who writes with a graphic touch. If his avidity for the bizarre has carried him a little far in his interpretation of what he saw, he does at any rate convey to his readers a vivid impression of the fascination as well as the perils of travel among these [illegible] survive elo- [illegible] very root [illegible] passing [illegible] d Mr. [illegible] lose [illegible] hey [illegible] e. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] had not [illegible] an. Their [illegible] great extent [illegible] native as they are, [illegible] is to be noted among [illegible] peoples, a not inconsider- [illegible] r political genius. Both [illegible] and Mr. Cardinal bring out [illegible] the importance of the right [illegible] pproach in dealing with an [illegible] ailing this, a quite erroneous [illegible] of their character is inevit- [illegible]

[illegible] l's sketch of the customs [illegible] f the natives of the [illegible] s of the Gold Coast [illegible] more interesting [illegible] ures of their culture, as [illegible] given a valuable account [illegible] evious work. Here he [illegible] large with the country [illegible] life, as well as with the [illegible] the greater part of the [illegible] taken up with his early [illegible] nces as an administrative [illegible] cial—a narrative which is both amusing and illuminating in its revelation of the multifarious nature of his duties and the tact and readiness required in carrying them out. This is a notable addition to the literature of tropical administration.

E. N. F.

THE NIGERIA HANDBOOK.

The new edition of the Nigeria Handbook is a detailed and comprehensive guide to the Colony and Protectorate, containing full general and statistical information. It is compiled in the Chief Secretary's office, Lagos, and is published under the authority of the Government, so that the information is authentic.

There are [illegible] twenty-four chapters, twelve appendices, numerous supplementary pages showing the composition of the Government, [illegible] Government Departments, the [illegible] merce, Chamber of Mines, [illegible] rincipal representatives of [illegible] anks, etc., as well as maps [illegible] the whole making a most [illegible] book of over 400 pages.

[illegible] hapters describe the colony [illegible] d historically, its climate, [illegible] oms, banking and currency, [illegible] ports and inla[illegible] waterways, rail- ways and roads, mines, manufactures and fisheries, forestry and agriculture, education, land tenure and, in fact, gives information on all sides of the country's activities, its [illegible] sources, and public undertakings. For the trader, the industrialist, the investor, and those taking up appointments in Nigeria it is an indispensable guide, well arranged and compiled; its first-class style of production is a credit to the Government Printer at Lagos.

The Nigeria Handbook is published at 7s. 6d., or post free 8s., and can be obtained from the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1, or from the C.M.S. Bookshop, Lagos.

Literary Prominence

[illegible] considerable importance to the Negro to know that one of his own race has attained distinction in the field of literary work. We are proud to learn that Dr. W. E. B. DuBois is listed among the contributors to the thirteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

It is only human for us to glory in the achievements of our men and women, and we as a race should be especially proud of those of us who are able to distinguish ourselves and thereby reflect credit upon us as a whole.

We must be broad enough in our views and liberal enough in our criticisms to forget the individual and see only the good done by the individual. No one can do anything unto himself alone — his actions reflect either good or evil on those around him; so it is with this honor that has come to Dr. Du Bois. It is not a distinction for himself alone, but it honors the whole race—the whole country.

This is the first time such an honor has come to a member of our race. The Encyclopedia Britannica is the most comprehensive set of books of its kind in the world. Its contributors are people prominent in the literary, scientific, political, economic and religious world, each one being a specialist in his particular field.

Dr. DuBois' contribution is on American literature — in part.

37 NOTABLE BOOKS.

List of 37 notable books published in the United States of America in 1925, compiled by the American Library association:

History.

1. C. G. Bowers, "Jefferson and Hamilton" (Houghton).
2. Edward Channing, "History of the United States, Volume VI." "The War for Southern Independence" (Macmillian).

Social Science.

3. Samuel Gompers, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor" (Dutton).
4. Hughes Mearns, "Creative Youth" (Doubleday).
5. Charles Warren, "Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court" (Little).

Religion.

6. Lewis Browne, "Stranger Than Fiction" (Macmillan).
7. Kirsopp Lake, "Religion of Yesterday and Tomorrow" (Houghton).
8. Ludwig Lewisohn, "Israel" (Boni & Liveright).

Philosophy.

9. John Dewey, "Experience and Nature" (Open Court).
10. A. L. Gesell, "The Mental Growth of the Pre-School Child" (Macmillan).
11. George Santayana, "Dialogues in Limbo" (Scribner).

Belles Lettre and Art.

12. John A. Brasher, "Autobiography of a Man Who Loved the Stars" (Houghton).
13. Harvey W. Cushing, "The Life of Sir William Osler," Volume IV (Oxford).
14. Robinson Jeffers, "Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems" (Boni & Liveright).
15. James W. Johnson, editor, "Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking).
16. William E. Leonard, "Two Lives" (Viking).
17. Rmy Lowell, "John Keats," Volume II (Houghton).
18. Joseph Pennell, "The Adventures of an Illustrator" (Little).
19. Herbert Quick, "One Man's Life" (Bobbs).
20. E. A. Robinson, "Dionysus in Doubt" (Macmillan).

Geography and Travel.

21. William Beebe, "Jungle Days" (Putnam).
22. Joseph R. Smith, "North America" (Harcourt).

Bibliography - 1927

Books

A Frenchman Takes a Look

America Comes of Age: a French Analysis. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THIS book is so good that it seems almost incredible. From end to end of it I can't find a single misstatement of fact, and in even the most Gallic and unaccustomed of its opinions there is a searching and disconcerting plausibility. By what process Dr. Siegfried amassed his materials I don't know. He has been in the United States at various times since 1898, and the last time, two years ago, he made a very extensive tour. His eyes must have been open very widely, for they saw not only what was plainly in front of them but also many things that were shadowy and occult, even to the overwhelming majority of Americans. He would have made the most competent newspaper reporter ever heard of in this world—a champion related to Ray Stannard Baker as Baker, in the days before the Wilson blather fetched him, was related to the average Washington correspondent. For he went home to his stool in the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques with the most accurate, penetrating, and comprehensive treatise on the United States ever written, whether by a native or a foreigner. Compared to it the celebrated tome of the lamented Bryce sinks to the level of a textbook, and the works of the Stracheys, Bennetts, and other such soft-soapers become mere trash.

Dr. Siegfried is happily free from the romantic optimism that is so copiously on tap among us. He yields to no man, as the campaign orators say, in his respect for the diligence and ingenuity that have brought the United States to its present high place among the nations, but neither is he blind to the difficulties ahead. Internally, he believes, they revolve mainly around the bitter and apparently irreconcilable conflict between the so-called Anglo-Saxons and the newer varieties of Americans. This conflict, he sees clearly, is at the bottom of most of the political combats that wrack the country, and in the course of time it is bound to have serious industrial consequences. The Anglo-Saxon, clothed in his "self-satisfaction as a member of God's elect," simply refuses to go into his own melting-pot. That vessel is reserved for the exclusive use of the Americans of other races. It is their duty to enter it docilely, and to come out as Nordics and Protestants. And having emerged, it is their further duty to take their place at the second table, leaving the original Protestant Nordics in front of the soup-bowl.

Dr. Siegfried, as a Frenchman, is unable to grasp the equity of this arrangement, nor does he believe that it will long endure. The non-Anglo-Saxon, non-Protestant, non-Puritan Americans are not actually inferior; on the contrary, many of them are clearly superior. They have certain qualities that the Anglo-Saxons lack, and some of those qualities are immensely valuable. Thus they begin to sweat under the disadvantages that lie upon them, and to resist violently every effort to make those disadvantages greater. The crusade against all the varieties of hyphenism save the English that went on during the late war certainly did not abolish hyphenism: it only made it more resolute, as in the case, for example, of the emerging Negroes. What is the net effect of prohibition? Obviously, its net effect has been to set up a desperate rebellion, not only against prohibition, but also against the whole Puritan *Kultur*. And it is surely no mere accident that the Ku Klux uproar has been followed by the first really serious and determined effort to put a Catholic into the White House.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED'S

AMERICA COMES OF AGE

"So good it seems almost incredible."
—*H. L. Mencken.*

"The best book on America since Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.'"
—*London Times.*

"May well take its place beside De Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America.'"
—*Ernest Boyd.*

"The most uncannily penetrating and most exciting commentary on America."
—*N. Y. Times.*

THE WORLD IS DISCUSSING AMERICA. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

Ask your bookseller for "America Comes of Age," $3.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co. 383 Madison Ave. New York

Colored Songsters Of the A. E. F.

In France the Negro T... Supplied
What Melody T... Was

SINGING SOLDIERS. By John J. Niles. Illustrated by Margaret Thornley Williamson. 171 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

By S. T. WILLIAMSON

LIKE other explorers, Mr. Niles was compelled to discard preconceived ideas. He ran across a paper volume of French war songs late in 1917, and he resolved to collect a singing record of the A. E. F.—not the harmless, wife-slapping tunes of the professional song leaders of the training camps, nor the slush that young things encouraged by singing teachers cooed to the soldiers, but the hell-roaring verses and measures born of men tried in battle, an unexpurgated doughboy hymnal.

It was a beautiful idea, only things didn't work out that way. The A. E. F. went to France singing the latest Broadway hit and "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." When it came back and occasionally burst into song, the newest products of Tin Pan Alley were sung and the gang's presence again was gayly through the darkness toward hailed. The only thing really new was a certain tune with the jigging refrain of "Hinkey-dinkey, parlez-vous." Originally it indulged in considerable plain speaking about a mademoiselle from Armentières, but about 2,000,000 men added to it a few verses of their own, and if any ex-soldier makes the claim that he can recite three consecutive pure stanzas he is a double-barreled liar. And even if he could achieve the impossible the verses wouldn't amount to much.

Mr. Niles's discovery of the almost total loss of the white American soldier as a source of original song material confirms the impression that veterans don't sing. That impression generally was borne out when a division left the line and was relieved by green troops. The new unit, perhaps only a few weeks from the States, would go tripping gaily through the darkness toward the front, where Very lights were flaming question marks, singing happily about Mr. Zip-zip-zip and his fine hair-cut. Marching in the other direction a column of tired men would pass them.

"Thass right, thass right," would come out of the dark, "you guys won't be singin' w'en yuh come outer th' line."

And sure enough, they wouldn't. With a certain gloomy pride, however, they would pass the same remark to other fresh-singing columns. For they were veterans now.

Veterans don't sing. Ask the French. Did any one ever hear a column of poilus singing in chorus? There was once a rumor that somewhere a French battalion on the march was heard to sing "Madelon," but no one could run the rumor down. The French used to have some fine individual singers in their ranks, and when there was any singing to be done they did it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Niles came back from the war with notebooks full of the songs of singing soldiers. He found them among the negro soldiers of the A. E. F., those cheerful souls who were picked up by the draft and deposited in France to unload the ships, load the trucks, build and mend the roads, bury the dead and roll up the barbed wire when it was all over. To be sure, one negro division did get into the line for a few days before the armistice, and the old Fifteenth New York, exiled with the French in the Champagne country, saw more action than many white units.

No conspiracy of fate, however, seemed capable of stopping negroes from singing. They brought their spirituals and their blues with them to France, and just as they did in their migrations in the States they reflected their surroundings in improvised verses and musical phrases.

There was Elmer, for instance, an officer's orderly Mr. Niles encountered in Bordeaux. The draft caught Elmer out on his sweet potato and "simlin" patch down in Mississippi. He was encased in an ill-fitting suit of olive drab and eventually dumped out on the Ho-

boken docks, where with others of his color he was herded into a huge storage space, bigger than any freight house Elmer ever before had seen. What was Elmer's surprise to feel the whole structure tremble and float out into the harbor, and this was his impression of the phenomenon:

Everybody in Hoboken town—
everybody an' me—
Hopped upon a warehouse that
was swinging around
An' went to sea.
Oh, all day long I'se a-looking for
trees,
Lookin' for sand, lookin' for land,
'Cause I've got dose awful weepin',
sleepin',
Got dose awful sailin', wailin',
Got dose awful deep-sea blues.

On the transport the death and burial at sea of some colored soldiers made this profound impression upon Elmer:

Soldiers down below layin' cold
and dead—
Everybody 'cept me—
Drop 'em over side loaded down
with lead,
While we'se at sea.
Oh, all day long, etc.

Then after one verse about "de devil ridin' 'bout in a submarine," Elmer produced these patriotic sentiments:

All dese colored soldiers comin'
over to France,
All dese soldiers an' me,
Goin' to help de whites make de
Kaiser dance,
All dese soldiers an' me.
Oh, all day long, etc.

As an aviator detailed to deliver new planes to various flying fields scattered about the A. E. F. territory, Mr. Niles traveled over most of France. Whenever he encountered negro units, he sharpened a pencil and drew a sheet of music score out of his musette bag. Each addition to his collection was an adventure in itself, and the telling of the circumstances leading up to the procurement of the new verses makes Mr. Niles's book of far more interest to the general reader than had he kept it merely an anthology.

Up in Lorraine, in Toul, he found a gang of negro labor troops unloading quartermaster supplies to this lively commentary upon the war and the army:

Black man fights wid de shovel and
de pick—
Lordy, turn your face on me!
He never gits no rest, 'cause he
never gits sick—
Lordy, turn your face on me!

Jined de army fur to git free
clothes—
Lordy, turn your face on me!
What we're fightin' 'bout, nobody
knows—
Lordy, turn your face on me!

Southern negro music is strongly influenced by the railroads. The singers are always riding a train or imitating railroad sounds. It was to be expected that the peculiarities of French railways would not be passed unnoticed by negro soldier singers. Here is the French railway song Mr. Niles picked up from some scullions in a Red Cross canteen:

Oh, you jined up fur fightin' in a
he-man's war.
An' you're goin' to do your fightin'
in a French freight car.

Chorus.

Oh, Mister French railroad man,
whar you takin' us to?
Please, Mister French railroad
man, whar you takin' us to?
Goin' to take you up fo' de next
big push—
Goin' to let you take a swing at
dose awful "Bush" [Boche]—
Oh, I know dey's trouble ahead.

Ride all night and ride all day—
Got to stand up straight, 'cause
dey's no place to lay. (Chorus)

Forty men and eight army horses—
Goin' to come back home wid some
nice German crosses. (Chorus).

Pretty crude, primitive stuff? Of course; that's why it's so typical of soldiers in wartime, and it tells more about the A. E. F. than the reminiscences of most Generals. But where, oh, where, did Mr. Niles ever get the idea that the monthly soldier chant, "All We Do Is Sign the Payroll," is to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia"? The frustrated fervor of that good old song requires the earnestness of "John Brown's Body."

"SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN."*

This work is the record of a 3,000-mile trip undertaken in 1925-6 in the Sudan, the most of it, however, being over well-beaten tracks, for the greater portion of the distance was along the Nile. After leaving Khartoum the author's first journey was to the cotton fields of the Sudan Plantations and the Sennar Dam. He then visited the land of the Shilluks, an interesting tribe, accurate knowledge of which we owe to the careful scientific studies of Professor Seligman. He then visited the Dinka people, and furnishes a few vignettes of the life of these people.

He then proceeded to the Sudd region south of Lake No, and gives a vivid account of the swamps of the Bahr el Ghazal, but the information about the Nuers is very scanty.

While in this region he succeeding to note that he obtained confirmatory evidence of the terror of the Abyssinian slave raiders which still persists in the country between the Nile and the foothills of the Abyssinian kingdom from which the raiders periodically emerge. This menace was eloquently described in Major Darley's recent book "Slaves and Ivory," the title of which Mr. Fife takes as a chapter heading. When will this menace be removed?

Leaving equatorial Sudan the author made a hurried trip to the Nuba country, and if he had been scientifically trained for the task he might have here alone found material for a book of permanent value, for there is still much to be learnt about these congeries of curious people.

This work is a type of response to a more intelligent interest which has grown up in recent years with regard to the more remote parts of our Empire. It is a promising feature, and to fulfil the need a group of men (and also women) keen on travel have set out to fulfil it. Many have the journalistic flair and a gift for picking up information quickly from the local officials and others. A few, but very few, attain a vogue through their literary gifts. Doubtless the public is satisfied, and the effort has its use, but it is unfortunate that so many avoidable errors creep into the narratives, and there is always a danger that such errors may become perpetuated by students who rely too much on any traveller who has actually visited a country. In all these little-known regions there is still a wide field for serious work by properly trained men, and one is inclined to feel that these so-called "travel books" spoil the market for more serious studies.

The author's nervousness of treachery crops up again and again throughout the work. This apprehension may have been bred by his former experience of South American Indians. It is generally quite unjustified in Africa, for any traveller introduced by the district authorities, and who behaves as he should, will probably be as safe among an African tribe as in the homeland.

May we say that it is strange to see the name of such a well-known figure as the late Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, misspelt in the work under review.

The book is well illustrated, has two clear maps, and it is attractively produced.

BOOKS BY WILLIAM PICKENS TO BE TRANSLATED.

Armenian Scholar Ask Privilege To Translate Into That Language.

NEW YORK, June 16—(ANP)—Vahan Totoventz, an Armenian scholar, asks privileges of translating into that language the life story and other books by William Pickens and comments:

"I have been in America myself from 1909 to 1915 and have written many short stories about the sufferings of colored people under the American democracy. I think it will be very interesting for our people to read your own works about your own people."

Russia has already translated "Bursting Bonds," is now translating "The Vengeance of the Gods" and Germans have asked the privilege of translating the same books.

BOOK CHAT

By Mary White Ovington.

"HOMES OF THE FREED"

By Rosa B. Cooley. Published by The New Republic, 421 West 21st street, New York City. Price $1.

Rosa B. Cooley with her friends, Frances Butler, in 1906, left Hampton Institute to go to St. Helena Island, off Beaufort, S. C. Their object was, as Miss Cooley puts it, "to test out in a community of some six thousand Negroes, (with less than a hundred whites), the scheme of industrial training for which Hampton and Tuskegee stand." This book is a rambling account of some of the things experienced during twenty years. Frances Butler died or never shortly after she arrived at Beaufort, and Miss Cooley for a time had to do her work alone.

Of the many experiments in education in the South, none is more interesting than that at St. Helena. It was undertaken in 1862 and the volume entitled "Letters from Port Royal," edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson and published in 1906 gives a vivid picture of the Sea Islands when the Negroes, whose masters had fled, became contraband of war. Miss Cooley skips forty-four years and shows the Negroes as she found them after a long contact with white teachers. Reading between the lines, one sees that the school had run down, and that the academic training needed to be superseded by industrial. But the pioneers of the Sixties had the same spirit as those who went down from Hampton in this century.

Miss Cooley's book, like all the others of its kind—we have had many stories of Southern schools—seeks to make friends for the work. It tells of the school curriculum, of the struggle for health and sanitation and of the education for better homes. Of this last the school may be inordinately proud for they received the second prize in the American Better Homes Competition of 1923, to be followed by a letter of congratulation from the President of the United States.

It gives anecdotes, some of them very touching, of the Negroes, young and old, who live in this remote corner of South Carolina. There is the old woman who, visiting the school and seeing the miracle of the water turned on in the kitchen sink, drops on her knees and cries: "Tank God, I lib to see dis day." And there is the patient young wife, totally blind, whose husband has lost his live stock and who, when asked what food she has, answers: "I has de appetite an' dat's what keep me up." Anecdotes, pictures of the people as they move about their ways, the school's advancement, a few bits of philosophizing, these make up the book.

Book Strives To Please

Will the day ever come when we can have the whole story of a Southern school and its surroundings unembarrassed by the desire to please? Probably not until the school closes. In the mean time we have books like that of Miss Cooley's that exasperate by their omissions. She must know so much and she says so little. Occasionally we get bits of information like the fact that she has been unable to get the Negro women interested in making baskets since in Africa the making of baskets belongs to the men. There are stray sentences regarding the relations between black and white. But the school looms in the middle distance obscuring much that we want to know.

Offered $1,000 for Best Race Novel; None Worth Prize

New York, Feb. 23.—The Albert and Charles Boni, Inc., 66 fifth avenue offered a prize of $1,000 in March, 1926, for the best novel submitted by Sept. 1st, by any Negro author. Recently the date was extended to July 1, 1927, inasmuch as they claim "no manuscript which we have received has seemed to us to be sufficiently finished as to warrant publication as the finest novel written by a member of the colored race."

The authors who submitted novels however, are very much disgruntled; as they claim the original offer did not say the novel had to be the finest novel ever written by a colored author, but that the best of the lot would receive the $1,000. No matter how poorly the manuscripts were written, there had to be one that would be considered the best; and the author of that best should receive the $1,000.

Bibliography - 1927

ANTHROPOLOGY.

SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN. An account of an adventurous journey of exploration amongst wild and little known tribes inhabiting swamps, dense forests, mountain tops and arid deserts hitherto almost unknown, with a description of their manner of living, customs, societies and barbaric rites. By W. DOMVILLE FIFE. 9 × 5½. 284 pp. Seeley Service. 21s. n.

See Review, p. 248.

GEORGE GRENFELL: Pioneer in Congo. By H. L. HEMMENS. 7½ × 5½. 248 pp. S.C.M. 5s. n.

George Grenfell was born in Cornwall in 1849, of poor parents, and passed his boyhood and adolescence in Birmingham. At ten years of age he was independent enough to "remove himself," as Mr. Hemmens puts it, from the Church schools to those of the Baptists, and remained attached to the latter body for the rest of his life. It appears to have been the example of Livingstone that inspired him to undertake missionary work in Africa, and in 1874 he was appointed assistant to the head of the Cameroons mission. With his missionary zeal he combined a passion for geographical exploration for its own sake, and after three years of tentative exploration of the Cameroons River system the decision of the Baptist Missionary Society to attempt a fresh penetration of Africa by way of the Congo started him upon what was to be his life work. In the Peace, the society's steamer was called, he examined the unmapped and practically unknown course of the Congo and its principal tributaries, establishing mission posts at one point after another between the coast and Stanley Falls, more than 1,200 miles up from the mouth, and receiving the Founders' Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society for the exploratory aspect of his work. By marrying an African woman in 1878, after the death of his English wife, he had completed his identification with the scene of his labours. He died of blackwater fever at Basoko, some 200 miles below Stanley Falls, in 1906, aged fifty-seven. Mr. Hemmens's narrative forms a brief sketch of an interesting career, and gives an adequate impression of the dangers and difficulties of mission work in Africa fifty years ago.

OBSERVER
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
MAY 18 1927

PROFESSOR DOWD'S DISTINCTION.

A distinct honor has come to Prof. Jerome Dowd in re-publication in England of his book on The American Negro, a circumstance which has called forth extended editorial reviews by the press of London, the Times making copious quotation for enlightenment of its readers on the marked advancement of and progress of the race in this country, as summarized by Professor Dowd. Since leaving Charlotte and serving Universities in the West, Professor Dowd has gained high reputation fer research work and this reputation is constant suggestion that he is needed back home. For instance, it might be found that he would admirably fit into a chair at Duke University.

A HISTORY OF THE CUBAN PUBLIC. A Study in Hispanic American Politics. By Charles E. Chapman, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 15s. n.

Concerning

THE BEADLE

a novel by

PAULINE SMITH

"A story of great beauty, and told with simplicity and tenderness that make it linger in the memory. Miss Smith has given us a book that will establish her reputation as a serious writer with unusual power and insight, a style at once finished and free from affectation, and a sense of character that is quite remarkable. It is a notable contribution to the literature of the day."

Morning Post

"A novel of genius." *Nation and Athenæum.*

7s. 6d. net

*** "The Beadle," a novel of South African life, is generally accepted and recognised as of unusual quality and merit.

The reception in America has been equally enthusiastic. Yet we now learn that the "Watch and Ward Society" of Boston, Mass., has warned the local booksellers that they should not offer this book for sale, as by so doing they run the risk of prosecution for purveying obscene literature.

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Jonathan Cape

N.F.B.

PRESS-CITIZEN
IOWA CITY, IA.

MAR 3 1927

Critic Praises Reuter's Book On Negro Life

America's Negro, his education, poverty, home life and criminality, is thoroughly discussed by Professor Edward B. Reuter of the University of Iowa college of commerce in his new book, "The American Race Problem."

Born in the south and a graduate of the University of Missouri, Professor Reuter has studied the Negro problem for many years as part of his work in sociology. He has been on the university faculty for five years.

According to Victor S. Yarrow, book reviewer for the Chicago Daily News, Professor Reuter's book "is valuable for its new and admirably presented data . . . . the chapters on Negro education, the Negro in science and art and the development of race consciousness and race pride being particularly illuminating."

Throughout the book, the Iowa sociologist shows a wide, deep and impartial knowledge, says Mr. Yarrow. One of the features of the author's viewpoint is that he rejects sentimental as well as heroic remedial measures. Professor Reuter accepts race prejudice as a fact, finds no evidence of diminishment of prejudice against the Negro and has no faith in education or legislation.

A "Fo' Bit Bargain."

NEGRO LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Charles H. Wesley. New York: The Vanguard Press.

Reviewed by
NEWBELL N. PUCKETT.
Western Reserve University.

The student of human relations, seeking the basis of a political marital, or religious rumpus, will, nine times out of ten, discover his "nigger" in the economic and industrial woodpile. One must thoroughly acquaint himself with the basic question of how a special group makes its living before he can hope to tackle successfully the more derived problems of social adjustment.

All of us have heard much of the negro as a loafer, but the study of the negro as a worker . . . has been left to the realms of personal opinion, unsupported assertion and public discussion." "The purpose of this study is to present a survey of the development and transition of negro labor in the United States from the period of slavery to the period of the entrance of negroes into industrial occupations in large numbers."

This the author does with such scholarly zeal that one is able to resolve the meaning-laboring complex into something of an accurate estimate of the true economic status of the negro. The conclusions regarding the free negro and the reconstruction negro are particularly illuminating. "However pleasant such oratory may be, statements which begin with the assertion that all the negroes were poor in 1865 are not only exaggerated but untrue descriptions of the economic situation. In the same category will fall those statements which claim that negro labor was on a 'holiday' during reconstruction." Equally worthy of reflection is the historical presentation of the part played by the negro in organized labor, and the analysis of negro migrations, past and recent.

In spite of an occasional flavor of Ph.D.-ism, even the general reader will find that this well printed, clothbound volume, in the words of the cornfield negro, "am sho' one fo'-bit bargain."

NEW BOOK "THROUGH LIBERIA"

By Dorothy Mills

Lady Dorothy Mill is a born explorer, and she is never so content with life as when she is pushing her difficult way through some unmapped wilderness among savage tribes. She has also the gift of writing well and interestingly concerning what she has seen and done. This new book has some special interest for Americans, aside from its intrinsic interest and worth as a contribution to geographical and anthropological knowledge because Liberia has strong and definite claims upon our sympathy and regard,—claims that have recently been emphasized by its possibilities as a rubber-growing region.

The author, with only native carriers and helpers, made a long solitary and very adventurous journey of almost two months into the dense forest wilderness, much of the time through country unmapped and unexplored and among cannibal tribes. Her book which is notably well written and does not dwell too insistently upon her own discomforts, as such books are prone to do, is a fascinating account of travel by primitive methods through tropical jungles and down forest walled rivers, with extended description of native tribes and their customs. The pictures are from excellent photographs. It is published by the Stokes Press, New York. N. Y.

Woodson's New Book

"Bigger and Better," seems to be the motto of Dr. Carter G. Woodson, whose book, "The Negro In Our History," has just come from the press in the fourth edition, revised and enlarged.

The new book, published by the Associated Publishers, of Washington, D. C., was originally published in 1922. It is $3.50 per copy.

The new edition, besides an introduction by Kelly Miller, contains 175 more pages and 75 more illustrations than the third edition.

The same size type and the same size printed page is employed in the new book. Increase in bulk is partly due to broader and wider margins.

Six new chapters include a large amount of matter on the early history of the Negro in Africa. These new chapters are entitled, "Unknown African Origin," second, "African Institutions A Background", third, "Africans in History with Others", fourth, "Foreign Aggression," fifth, "Situations in Tropical America", sixth. "Slavery In Struggle With Servitude."

In these new chapters, Dr. Woodson brings out the fact that the Negro was the first worker in iron; that Egyptians are colored, not white; that many times learned slaves were captured and brought to America along with ignorant savages; that primitive Africans are mulattoes and not all black; and that polygamy makes impossible spinsterhood and prostitution common among civilized people.

Polygamy, he said, also creates a situation in which there are more women than men.

An addition of 75 new illustrations makes the book more desirable than ever. Three photographs, however, essential to such a work are badly missed. They are President Borno of Haiti, President King of Liberia, and Matthew Henson, the Arctic explorer.

Illustrating the fact that sometimes an African of high social standing was kidnapped as a slave and sold on the American auction block. Dr. Woodson recalls the case of Michael Denton, of Maryland, in whose possession was found a slave who observed the custom of praying five times a day according to the requirements of the Mohammedan religion.

An ignorant white boy seeing him kneel and bowing in the direction of Mecca, threw sand in his eyes and so injured his sight as to invite an investigation.

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ENTERPRISE

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Recently there appeared a book written by or for a negro who was a waiter in the White House when Mr. Roosevelt was President giving conversations between the free-spoken servitor and his distinguished employer and comments of the latter on events that particularly interested him, such as the luncheon to Booker T. Washington of which the waiter disapproved. Now there is extensive announcement of "The Secrets of the White House" by Elizabeth Jaffray, who was housekeeper for four Presidents. Such books readily find publishers, irrespective of their literary merit, because they are sure to find many readers, a large public giving evidence of an insatiable curiosity about the personality of celebrated men or women.

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Homes of the Freed. By Rossa B. Cooley. The New Republic. $1.

Negro Illegitimacy in New York City. By Ruth Reed. Columbia University Press.

Here are two books about the Negro woman, as amazingly different as two books on the same subject can well be. The first is a vivid and moving account of the struggle upward toward homes and common decency as exemplified in the Carolina islands; the second is a description of a group of Negro mothers living in a furnished room in the city with a man who may or may not be the husband, who may or may not be the father of the children. In both books we see Negro women caught in problems which are theirs both as women and as Negroes, working out these problems through the assistance of white agencies. "Homes of the Freed" has some significance as a sociological document but most of all it is an idyl; it has about it the naive charm of simpler and earlier days. Persons who like mental shocks might read it along with "Nigger Heaven." There is nothing idyllic about Miss Reed's study of five hundred Negro mothers. On the whole they show attitudes and attempts at adjustment to a difficult situation which are in no way distinctively racial. The economic independence of the Negro woman appears to be a phase which passes as the husband's earnings increase, while among the well-to-do cultured class Miss Reed finds standards of family life characteristic of the Puritan era.

Economics and Sociology

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN. By Professor W. Brown Hinton. Cincinnati, Ohio: The Standard Publishing Company. $2.

Social and economic problems in the United States.

The Growth of a Poet

Langston Hughes Evokes Stirring Emotions From the Life of His Race

By Walter F. White

(Courtesy of The N. Y. World.)

IT is probable that most of the sophisticated and near-sophisticated have by now heard Bessie or Clara Smith sing either in the flesh or on phonograph records one or more of the infinite number of songs known as "blues." If the prospective reader of Langston Hughes' "Fine Clothes to the Jew" (just published by Alfred A. Knopf) or his earlier "The Weary Blues" has not heard at least one of these songs as sung by a Negro singer, I urgently recommend that he do so before tackling the poems. For the blues are strictly limited both as to poetic pattern and meaning. As the name implies, blues are sung as plaintive expressions of utter despondency. Almost always there is expressed some idea of suicide through drowning or "laying ma head on de railroad track." Inevitably the repetition of a single emotion in time grows monotonous and often triteness cannot be avoided because there are few changes to be rung on the blue theme. The human voice of a Bessie Smith is needed to transmute and vary the subtle overtones and in that manner give the needed variety.

So, too, is the form rigidly fixed, one line repeated and a third line to rhyme with the first two. In a paragraph Mr. Hughes explains that "sometimes the second line in repetition is slightly changed and sometimes, but very seldom, it is omitted. The mood of the blues is almost always despondency, but when they are sung people laugh." Frequently a beautiful bit of imagery darts through one of these songs or a poignant catching up of a profound emotion in a single line. Take, for example, two stanzas of Mr. Hughes' "Homesick Blues," in which both of these gifts are seen:

De railroad bridge's
A sad song in de air.
De railroad bridge's
A sad song in de air.
Ever time de trains pass
I wants to go somewhere.

Homesick blues, Lawd,
'S a terrible thing to have,
Homesickness blues is
A terrible thing to have.
To keep from cryin'
I opens ma mouth and laughs.

IT may be questioned, however, how much further blues can be utilized as poetry because of its rigid limitations. Out of the blues form it is possible and probable that a more inclusive poetic form may develop, but that form would not be blues as the term is now interpreted. It will be interesting to watch these changes as they are developed by Mr. Hughes and others who may follow him in the growth of either a more universal medium of expression or a broadening of the scope of the moods themselves. Mr. Hughes' friends and admirers may perhaps have some apprehension, but too diligent working of this vein may cramp him or lessen the fine, flowing, ecstatic sense of rhythm which he so undoubtedly possesses.

For he has seen the immense store of material for poetry which is in the life of the Negro. When he leaves the more confining form of the blues Mr. Hughes evokes magnificently stirring emotions from the life of Negro porters and prostitutes and others of humble estate. For example, take the last few lines of this poem, "Brass Spittoons":

Hey, boy!
A bright bowl of brass is beautiful to the Lord.
Bright, polished brass like the cymbals
Of King David's dancers.
Like the wine cups of Solomon.
Hey, boy!
A clean spittoon on the altar of the Lord.
A clean, bright spittoon all newly polished—
At least I can offer that.
Com' mere, boy!

I WOULD like to quote several other poems and give in Mr. Hughes' own words the fine flavor of his new book—poems like "Ruby Brown," "Porter," "Prayer Meeting," "Magnolia Flowers," "Song for a Dark Girl," "Laughers," or two or three others equally fine. But that would be unfair to Mr. Hughes nor his publisher, for then there would be some who would not buy the book. It is a book that should be bought and one that will grow upon its readers in its evocation of beauty and rhythm and color and warmth. And if the reader has heard Clara or Mamie Smith croon and moan the blues, the first eight and the last nine poems in "Fine Clothes to the Jew" won't seem as monotonous as they perhaps might otherwise be judged.

Illustrating the fact that sometimes an African of high social standing was kidnapped as a slave and sold on the American auction block, Dr. Woodson recalls the case of Michael Denton, of Maryland, in whose possession was found a slave who observed the custom of praying five times a day according to the requirements of the Mohammedan religion.

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To keep from cryin'
I opens ma mouth and laughs.

IT may be questioned, however, how much further blues can be utilized as poetry because of its rigid limitations. Out of the blues form it is possible and probable that a more inclusive poetic form may develop, but that form would not be blues as the term is now interpreted. It will be interesting to watch these changes as they are developed by Mr. Hughes and others who may follow him in the growth of either a more universal medium of expression or a broadening of the scope of the moods themselves. Mr. Hughes' friends and admirers may perhaps have some apprehension, but too diligent working of this vein may cramp him or lessen the fine, flowing, ecstatic sense of rhythm which he so undoubtedly possesses.

For he has seen the immense store of material for poetry which is in the life of the Negro. When he leaves the more confining forms of the blues Mr. Hughes evokes magnificently stirring emotions from the life of Negro porters and prostitutes and others of humble estate. For example, take the last few lines of this poem, "Brass Spittoons":

Hey, boy!
A bright bowl of brass is beautiful to the Lord.
Bright polished brass like the cymbals
Of King David's dancers,
Like the wine cups of Solomon.
Hey, boy!
A clean spittoon on the altar of the Lord.
A clean, bright spittoon all newly polished—
At least I can offer that.
Com' mere, boy!

I WOULD like to quote several other poems and give in Mr. Hughes' own words the fine flavor of his new book—poems like "Ruby Brown," "Porter," "Prayer Meeting," "Magnolia Flowers," "Song for a Dark Girl," "Laughers," or two or three others equally fine. But that would be fair neither to Mr. Hughes nor his publisher, for then there would be some who would not buy the book. It is a book that should be bought and one that will grow upon its readers in its evocation of beauty and rhythm and color and warmth. And if the reader has heard Clara or Mamie Smith croon and moan the blues, the first eight and the last nine poems in "Fine Clothes to the Jew" won't seem as monotonous as they perhaps might otherwise be judged.

Economics and Sociology

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN. By Leonard Wilson Ingraham. Cincinnati, Ohio: The Standard Publishing Company. $2.

Social and economic problems in the United States.

Bibliography - 1927

ANTHROPOLOGY.

SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN. An account of an adventurous journey of exploration amongst wild and little known tribes inhabiting swamps, plains, forests, mountain tops and arid desert districts almost unknown, with a description of their manner of living, secret societies and barbaric rites. By H. W. DOMVILLE FIFE. 9 × 5½. 251 pp. Seeley Service. 21s. n.

See REVIEW, p. 248.

See Review, p. 248.

GEORGE GRENFELL: Pioneer in Congo. By H. L. HEMMENS. 7½ × 5½. 248 pp. S.C.M. 5s. n.

George Grenfell was born in Cornwall in 1849, of poor parents, and passed his boyhood and adolescence in Birmingham. At ten years of age he was independent enough to "remove himself," as Mr. Hemmens puts it, from the Church schools to those of the Baptists, and remained attached to the latter body for the rest of his life. It appears to have been the example of Livingstone that inspired him to undertake missionary work in Africa, and in 1873 he was appointed assistant to the head of the Cameroons mission. With his missionary zeal he combined a passion for geographical exploration for its own sake, and after three years of tentative exploration of the Cameroons river system the decision of the Baptist Missionary Society to attempt a fresh penetration of Africa by way of the Congo started him upon what was to be his life work. In the Peace, the society's steamer was called, he examined the unmapped and practically unknown course of the Congo and its tributaries, establishing mission posts at one point after another between the coast and Stanley Falls, more than 1,200 miles up from the mouth, and receiving the Founders' Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society for the exploratory aspect of his work. By marrying an African woman in 1878, after the death of his English wife, he had completed his identification with the scene of his labours. He died of blackwater fever at Basoko, some 200 miles below Stanley Falls, in 1906, aged fifty-seven. Mr. Hemmens's narrative forms a brief sketch of an interesting career, and gives an adequate impression of the dangers and difficulties of mission work in Africa fifty years ago.

OBSERVER
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
MAY 18 1927

PROFESSOR DOWD'S DISTINCTION.

A distinct honor has come to Prof. Jerome Dowd in re-publication in England of his book on The American Negro, a circumstance which has called forth extended editorial reviews by the press of London, the Times making copious quotation for enlightenment of its readers on the marked advancement of and progress of the race in this country, as summarized by Professor Dowd. Since leaving Charlotte and serving Universities in the West, Professor Dowd has gained high reputation fer research work and this reputation is constant suggestion that he is needed back home. For instance, it might be found that he would admirably fit into a chair at Duke University.

A HISTORY OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC. A Study in Hispanic American Politics. By Charles E. Chapman, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50 n.

Concerning

THE BEADLE

a novel by

PAULINE SMITH

"A story of great beauty, and told with simplicity and tenderness that make it linger in the memory. Miss Smith has given us a book that will establish her reputation as a serious writer with unusual power and insight, a style at once finished and free from affectation, and a sense of character that is quite remarkable. It is a notable contribution to the literature of the day."
Morning Post

"A novel of genius." *Nation and Athenæum.*

7s. 6d. net

*** "The Beadle," a novel of South African life, is generally accepted and recognised as of unusual quality and merit.

The reception in America has been equally enthusiastic. Yet we now learn that the "Watch and Ward Society" of Boston, Mass., has warned the local booksellers that they should not offer this book for sale, as by so doing they run the risk of prosecution for purveying obscene literature.

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Jonathan Cape

N. F. B.

PRESS-CITIZEN
IOWA CITY, IA.

MAR 3 1927

Critic Praises Reuter's Book On Negro Life

America's Negro, his education, poverty, home life and criminality, is thoroughly discussed by Professor Edward B. Reuter of the University of Iowa college of commerce in his new book, "The American Race Problem."

Born in the south and a graduate of the University of Missouri, Professor Reuter has studied the Negro problem for many years as part of his work in sociology. He has been on the university faculty for five years.

According to Victor S. Yarrow, book reviewer for the Chicago Daily News, Professor Reuter's book "is valuable for its new and admirably presented data . . . . the chapters on Negro education, the Negro in science and art and the development of race consciousness and race pride being particularly illuminating."

Throughout the book, the Iowa sociologist shows a wide, deep and impartial knowledge, says Mr. Yarrow. One of the features of the author's viewpoint is that he rejects sentimental as well as heroic remedial measures. Professor Reuter accepts race prejudice as a fact, finds no evidence of diminishment of prejudice against the Negro and has no faith in education or legislation.

A "Fo' Bit Bargain."

NEGRO LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Charles H. Wesley. New York: The Vanguard Press.

Reviewed by
NEWBELL N. PUCKETT.
Western Reserve University.

The student of human relations, seeking the basis of a political marital, or religious rumpus, will, nine times out of ten, discover his "nigger" in the economic and industrial woodpile. One must thoroughly acquaint himself with the basic question of how a special group makes its living before he can hope to tackle successfully the more derived problems of social adjustment.

All of us have heard much of the negro as a laborer, but the study of the negro as a laborer . . . has been left to the realms of personal opinion, unsupported assertion and public discussion." "The purpose of this study is to present a survey of the development and transition of negro labor in the United States from the period of slavery to the period of the entrance of negroes into industrial occupations in large numbers."

This the author does with such scholarly zeal that she is able to resolve the bewildering complex into something of an accurate estimate of the true economic status of the negro. The conclusions regarding the free negro and the reconstruction negro are particularly illuminating. "However pleasant such oratory may be, statements which begin with the assertion that all the negroes were poor in 1865 are not only exaggerated but untrue descriptions of the economic situation. In the same category will fall those statements which claim that negro labor was on a 'holiday' during reconstruction." Equally worthy of reflection is the historical presentation of the part played by the negro in organized labor, and the analysis of negro migrations, past and recent.

In spite of an occasional flavor of Ph.D.-ism, even the general reader will find that this well printed, clothbound volume, in the words of the cornfield negro, "am sho' one fo'-bit bargain."

NEW BOOK "THROUGH LIBERIA"

By Dorothy Mills

Lady Dorothy Mill is a born explorer, and she is never so content with life as when she is pushing her difficult way through some unmapped wilderness among savage tribes. She has also the gift of writing well and informingly concerning what she has seen and done. This new book has some special interest for Americans, aside from its intrinsic interest and worth as a contribution to geographical and anthropological knowledge because Liberia has strong and definite claims upon our sympathy and regard,—claims that have recently been emphasized by its possibilities as a rubber-growing region.

The author, with only native carriers and helpers, made a long solitary and very adventurous journey of almost two months into the dense forest wilderness, much of the time through country unmapped and unexplored and among cannibal tribes. Her book which is notably well written and does not dwell too insistently upon her own discomforts, as such books are prone to do, is a fascinating account of travel by primitive methods through tropical jungles and down forest walled rivers, with extended description of native tribes and their customs. The pictures are from excellent photographs. It is published by the Stokes Press, New York. N. Y.

Woodson's New Book

"Bigger and Better," seems to be the motto of Dr. Carter G. Woodson, whose book, "The Negro In Our History," has just come from the press in the fourth edition, revised and enlarged.

The new book, published by the Associated Publishers, of Washington, D. C., was originally published in 1922. It is $3.50 per copy.

The new edition, besides an introduction by Kelly Miller, contains 175 more pages and 75 more illustrations than the third edition.

The same size type and the same size printed page is employed in the new book. Increase in bulk is partly due to broader and wider margins.

Six new chapters include a large amount of matter on the early history of the Negro in Africa. These new chapters are entitled, "Unknown African Origin," second, "African Institutions A Background", third, "Africans in History with Others", fourth, "Foreign Aggression," fifth, "Situations in Tropical America", sixth, "Slavery In Struggle With Servitude."

In these new chapters, Dr. Woodson brings out the fact that the Negro was the first worker in iron; that Egyptians are colored, not white; that many times learned slaves were captured and brought to America along with ignorant savages; that primitive Africans are mulattoes and not all black; and that polygamy makes impossible spinsterhood and prostitution common among civilized people.

Polygamy, he said, also creates a situation in which there are more women than men.

An addition of 75 new illustrations makes the book more desirable than ever. Three photographs, however, essential to such a work are badly missed. They are President Borno of Haiti, President King of Liberia and Matthew Henson, the Arctic explorer.

Bibliography - 1927

"Ol' Virginny" Again

STUFFED PEACOCKS—By Emily Clark. Alfred Knopf. New York.

If you like tales of patronizing white folk and faithful black servants who "know their place," of proud old decadent families who adhere to the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Democratic Party, tales of "Ol' Virginny" brought down to date, you will find something of charm, of beauty and delight in the Stuffed Peacocks which Miss Clark parades in this volume, symbolic of the Bourbon Virginia, tradition, learning nothing new, forgetting nothing old.

Miss Clark, a native of Richmond, knows her Virginia. And in this volume of urbane character sketches she presents a cross section of her state. We see the Virginia world divided into three parts: the landowners, descendants of slaveholders; the black servants and farm hands, descendants of slaves; and the poor whites without cultural background or economic holdings. Here each is portrayed in his separate sphere, and in his relations to the others.

Life in the Old Dominion as Miss Clark pictures it is easy going, leisurely, untouched by the currents of life beyond its borders. There are no poignant heartaches or painful backaches, no seeking for new things. There is contentment. Her aristocrats are too smug to feel their insufficiency. Her blacks too happy-go-lucky to be restless. Her poor whites too dumb to realize their depths. Stagnation is the consequence as "Stuffed Peacocks" portrays.

There is beauty and a gentle irony in these portraits Miss Clark presents. A pleasing and urbane style makes the volume quite readable. Her introductory sketch "Richmond" finely recreates the color and atmosphere of the capital of the late Confederacy.— H. L. Moon.

"OUR STATE—ALABAMA," BY MRS. OWEN

Readily accessible data on the history of Alabama will be enriched by a new work, "Our State—Alabama," which comes from the pen of Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen, head of the department of archives and history of the State of Alabama. The book is a comprehensive summary of the State's history, the careers of its outstanding leaders, its resources, institutions and accomplishments, briefed from the four volume work of the late Thomas M. Owen, former head of the department of archives and history and husband of the author of the present book.

Histories of Alabama are scarce. There have been excellent ones published—A. B. Meek wrote one, Albert J. Pickett another, and Joel Du Bose also wrote one—but they have been long out of print and are not available to the average reader or student. There are also a number of other works, more comprehensive, which run to several volumes. The "History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography," by Thomas M. Owen, from which this book was written, is such a book.

Mrs. Owen's history, which is really a bulletin of the department, the seventh of a historical series, will be distributed free of charge to libraries, the heads of state departments, probate judges of counties, and public libraries.

In presenting the story of Alabama, Mrs. Owen adopted an arrangement which, while giving a chronological sequence to the major events in the history of the State satisfactory to the casual reader or student, also facilitates a search for particular events. The first part of the history—it is in two divisions—is divided into forty-three chapters. The first, naturally, is "The Aborigines." From an interesting discussion of them, their origin and lives, in various chapters, she takes the reader through the Spanish explorations, the French period, to the British occupation. In another chapter she tells of the organization of the Mississippi territory and in another of the creation of the territory of Alabama from it. In succeeding chapters the history of Alabama is told to the present date.

Many chapters bear famous names. And through the story of their lives the story of Alabama is told. The McGilvrays, William Weatherford, and General Samuel Dale are among them.

The last half score of chapters in the forty-three are each devoted to a biographical sketch of a prominent Alabamian. Among them are William Rufus King, Henry Tutwiler, John Hollis Bankhead, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Josiah Gorgas, Amelia Gayle Gorgas, Hilary A. Herbert, Senator John Tyler Morgan, Major John Pelham, Edmund Winston Pettus, Emma Sanson, Raphael Semmes, General Joseph Wheeler, William Lowndes Yancey, General William Crawford Gorgas, Julia Strudwick Tutwiler, and Oscar W. Underwood.

Alabama's part in the wars of the United States is also told each in a separate chapter.

Part two of Mrs. Owen's history in sixteen chapters describes the government of the State, its topography, resources and developments, each properly and positively indexed.

The book is clearly and concisely written and is a credit to the department of archives and history and to Mrs. Owen.

Asheville, N. C. Times

SEP 18 1927

Negro Serves and Mimics White Man Even In His Song

By J. D. SECREST

The American negro, though a born melody-maker, has done most of his singing and dancing to please the white man and had adapted virtually all of his folk songs from the original by white composers. The history of the rise of negro music to a plane of distinct popularity in this country is picked with irony and pathos because it is the story of slaves striving to please their masters and then imitating their masters even in the matter of musical entertainment.

Such in brief are the conclusions of Dr. N. I. White, professor of English at Duke University, who has just completed eleven years research and study with the view of publishing a collection of American negro folk songs. His ambition is now on the threshold of realization as his book will probably appear in the fall or winter.

This book will not be the first by Dr. White on phases of the negro's literary development. Recently he collaborated on a book of negro poetry, dealing with all negro poets in America up until that time. Dr. White is recognized now as an authority on negro verse.

Book To Have 700 Songs

While spending a few days at the home of his brother-in-law, Hugh J. Toland, 2 Delaware road, Kenilworth, Dr. White last week recounted some of the significant sidelights which had come under his observation while he was collecting these songs in many parts of the south.

The volume, or perhaps two volumes, which Dr. White has prepared will contain approximately 700 negro folk songs, all of which can be put under two general classifications—religious songs or "spirituals" and secular songs.

The work done in the collection and classification of these songs has been stupendous. The effort of collecting theb, while requiring years, has been only a small part of the task. Each song has been traced to its source, so far as possible, and to its approximate date of authorship. The entire group then, collectively and individually, have been compared with similar songs among the whites.

Consequently Dr. White has had to peruse literally church houses full of song books and hymnals, libraries of travel books, and stacks of old manuscripts.

Value Unaffected

"The question of originality in negro folk song study has long been a disturbing one", Dr. White said, "but an extensive research into early American Methodist and Baptist hymns, the entry of the negro song into vaudeville and minstrels, and travel books, both those written by Englishmen who wandered through the south in ante-bellum days and those by explorers of the African continent, convinced me that the American negro folk songs are not original but are adaptations of white songs.

"This interpretation does not, however, in any way affect their value nor their distinctiveness. They are still negro songs because of the peculiar way in which the negro has changed and sung them.

"The negro has about ten times as much ability for carrying a melody as the white man; hence the negro version of the white man's song is often more popular than the original. The history of negro songs from the earliest 'spirituals' through the minstrel and vaudeville songs and even down to the modern 'blues' has followed the same cycle. The white man originates the song, the negro takes it and fits it to his liking, and then the white man recovers it and capitalizes it.

Under Shadow Of A Lash

"The irony of this situation is obvious. Even during the slave trading days negroes were forced to sing and dance on board the ships which brought them to America; for the slave traders, finding there was a high mortality rate in their cargo, learned that this forced merry-making among their prisoners was financially profitable. So the first American negroes sang and danced under the shadow of a lash.

"Then in America their songs were used by the pro-slavery leaders as propoganda in vaudeville and minstrels for the propitiation of slavery, while the abolitionists took some of their sadder songs—and put others into their mouths—and used them for propaganda to picture the negro protesting against his bondage.

"I found only a very few negro folk songs, however, which were protests against slavery; and several of these I was able to trace to the union army.

Origin Of "Blues"

"Finally, the 'blues', which began in the negro underworld, probably Memphis, were mixed with jazz and began to flood the country under the names of white composers. The negroes in turn recovered these hybreds and made them their own.

"Up until the time when the Fisk university group of singers raised a large amount of money in this country and abroad by singing negro folk songs, the white man had always been the one to profit financially from the negro's efforts."

Contrary to the general belief the negro folk songs are not preponderously sad, Dr. White explained. 'They just seem so because of the difference of the musical scale used by the white man and the negro," he said. "Whereas we use the octave, the negro utilizes the five tone scale. Consequently their dirge-like intonations make their songs appear sad to a sophisticated musical ear."

Similarity To Revival Hymns

While prying about among old Methodist and Baptist hymnals Dr. White found that many of the camp meeting and revival hymns in use today are outgrowths and adaptations of the same early "Spirituals" which are the basis for the negro folk songs. In fact, that's where the term "Spiritual" orginated, according to Dr. White.

The folk songs have had scarcely any influence on modern negro poetry, Dr. White said. In fact, the whole attitude of the negro has been to get away from his own inheritance and mimic the white man. Recently, however, some of the leaders of negro race, realizing the value of the popularity of these negro songs, have utilized them in racial propaganda, according to Dr. White, and negro colleges and universities have adopted them both for their financial and their good will values.

Kathleen Coyle
writes

IT IS BETTER TO TELL

Kathleen Coyle's vivid story written in an entirely new vein centers around an unmarried mother and a fascinating "African negress like a ripe poppy pulsing with undrained life"

$2.50

New York Times Book Review
11-20-27
New York, N.Y.

Here is a powerful, gripping problem. Does the author solve it? Is it better to tell the children the true story of their birth and their natural father? Do you think—

IT IS BETTER TO TELL

E. P. Dutton & Co. New York

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

NEXT Sunday, December 4, The New York Times Book Review will give special attention to books suitable for Christmas reading and Christmas gifts. There will be an article summing up the outstanding fiction of the past six months, reviews of the new books for children, and mention of special holiday editions of books for older readers.

The New York Times
Book Review
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4

Newsdealers order only to meet the regular demand for The New York Times. It is advisable to reserve copies in advance.

Bibliography 1927

POET FINDS UNEXPECTED ADVANTAGES IN THE HONOR SYSTEM

When James Russell Lowell Was a Professor, He Asked One of His Class Who Was Anxious to Know His Marks What He Thought He Really Deserved. The Youth Named a Passing Mark and Lowell Said: "You May Take It and I Sha'n't Have the Bother of Reading Your Paper."

"It Is Better to Tell" and Other New Works of Fiction

IT IS BETTER TO TELL. By Kathleen Coyle. 302 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

IT IS the triumph of this novel that in spite of all efforts to set it forth as a sociological problem novel and a thesis on one more Burning Question it remains a beautifully told story of the crucial day in the lives of four people.

Whether the publisher or the author is to be blamed for the catchpenny title is immaterial. There it stands, winking slyly at the possible purchaser and inviting him to read and decide whether "it is better for a mother to tell her natural children about their natural father

silent." Ugh! A pamph-
en by a social service work-
mented with a summary of
dings in a hundred specific
ould do that. What we have
these two covers is vastly

more important. This is no generalized theme. This is the life of Lydia and her two children, Rain, the girl, and Harold, and of the chaos that Dion Tancred brought with him when he came back into their lives after an absence of fifteen years.

The scene of the story is laid in Belgium, near Antwerp. There Lydia has lived ever since the night when she decided that she must leave Dion in Ireland, where they had lived together in a gypsy caravan. They had loved one another consummately, and Lydia had made the decision alone that they must separate. So she slipped a note into his pocket, where he did not find it for three days, and was gone out of his life. Dion was a playwright, and in the lonely years that followed he became famous. Lydia heard about him, sometimes. But

could never bring herself to try to communicate with him.

When she arrived in Belgium with her two small children, Lydia had been almost destitute. She had seen a Portuguese woman selling toys in the street, and in her desperation she had taken up the same work. Presently she had enough money to buy a toyshop, which the Flemish townspeople patronized enough because of its individuality to give her a competence. There Rain and Harold grew up. They had a few friends. There was Pol, inarticulately understanding, who helped Lydia in business affairs. And there was Brabo, Pol's son, a friend of the children, and Martha, always self-righteously Dutch, Pol's wife, imbued with that formal charitableness which is the outstanding quality of so many regular churchgoers. Rain painted, and Harold wanted to write plays. They both belonged to a little club that invited noted speakers to address them whenever they could get hold of them.

One day the club found that Dion Tancred, the noted playwright, was to be in the vicinity, and they had what they felt was the great good luck to persuade him to come and talk to them. But then a difficulty, enormous and ludicrous and unbelievably true, arose. Dion Tancred was traveling with a colored woman, in the manner of the free genius. In Europe there is little of the stigma that America attaches to color. Still it was odd. And it was hard to get a place for them to stay. They asked Lydia if she would take them in. And there her Gethsemane began.

It is a superb situation, made entirely probable by good writing. There is Lydia, with her children, who have never been told that Dion Tancred is their father. They believe that their father died in Mexico. And now he is coming into their home, unknown to them, not knowing himself that he is coming there, accompanied by this Senegalese woman. One sees the scene through Lydia's eyes. One feels the tumult of her emotions, emotions that cannot be shown, as she wonders what to do, what to tell the children, what to tell Dion.

Then Dion and the Senegalese woman arrive. Her name is Madame Lusitania Argente. Her husband, a celebrated negro pugilist, left her stranded in Cairo, and she attached herself to Dion, who has never done anything conventionally in his life. Madame Argente is a superb creature, exotically dressed, exotic in manner, speaking in French the primitive philosophy of her race with a culture

bred in a convent.

Lydia meets Dion first, and tells him that she has not told the children who he is, and that he must not tell them. He is captivated by Rain and Harold when he meets them. They have the bonds of unconscious kinship and the genius that is their heritage. It is a taut situation. In the hands of an inept novelist it would be bungled; but here it is told well. The entire action takes place in about twenty-four hours, yet one is not conscious of any limitations. That is because the story is told in flashes of significant thought and mood and detail, that give the essence without encumbrances. The style inevitably reminds one of Virginia Woolf. Here is her luminous tranquil clarity, with a force that is essentially feminine. The pure pleasure of reading the prose is recommendation enough for the book. But it is a good story, as well.

MID-VICTORIAN BELFAST

THE WAYWARD MAN. By St. John Ervine. 439 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ST. JOHN ERVINE comes from the "Black North," that portion of Ireland which Dubliners like to think of as a dour country, full of bleak, repressed folk who utter a sour "Nay" to life. He comes from Presbyterian Ireland, from the Ulster of the Scotch, from the haunts of the Orangemen who are supposed to be congenital haters of all things Papist. Certainly in the works of St. John Ervine there is little of the color that one associates with a Catholic environment; there is no mysticism, and hardly any of the magic of words as employed by Yeats, Synge, George Moore, or Joyce in certain moods. His play "Mixed Marriage" was a scathing exposition of bigotry; and his present novel, while not so acerb as the drama, reflects surroundings in which joyous things are looked at a trifle askance.

Nevertheless, the absence of positive beauty in St. John Ervine is compensated for by a modicum of corrosive power. He is homely and direct, and the inhibitions of the North are not glorified by his method of setting them forth baldly. His wayward man goes through a variety of adventures, all of them presented in the old-fashioned way, and all of them important in that they contribute to a picture of the hero as a character. The book is chronological in order, commencing with Robert Dunwoody's reactions to his early environment—Belfast in the middle Victorian era, and ending when Robert turns his last significant corner.

Robert was the youngest child of a shop-owning, hard-working, God-fearing widow. His father was drowned in the distant Pacific shortly before his birth. In spite of this fact, Robert wanted to go to sea as a youngster, and he never lost his taste for the ocean thereafter. His mother, rather contrarily, desired most to see him a Presbyterian clergyman, and the result is strain and conflict in the Dunwoody establishment.

Even more galling to Robert than this pointing him to the ministry was his mother's deification of the family and the homeland. Mrs. Dunwoody dreamed of Mattie and Margaret, her daughters, as married and bearing her multitudinous grandchildren. (Of course they would live just around the corner.) She foresaw her eldest boy, Alec, carrying on patiently in her shop, and visualized the increasing clan of the Dunwoodys all listening of a Sunday to the learned expositions of the Rev. Dr. Robert Dunwoody.

But the best laid plans of mice and men—and mothers—gang aft a'gley, and Robert interrupted her dream. He ran away to sea in an age of clipper ships and long voyages and he didn't come home to Belfast for seven years. This odyssey of Robert is the least convincing part of the story. The lad has all the sea and port adventures that are staples of the maritime story-teller. In America he and his pal, Charlie, fall in with a queer tramp whose expositions on hobo life are a little out of focus. Charlie dies in the same way as Masefield's Dauber and in the same general region of the globe.

But once back in Belfast the narrative picks up, thereby balancing the book. Robert is the darling of his mother's heart when he comes again into her shop. He stays home a year before the itch to be off becomes very powerful, and then his mother plays a shrewd trick: She manoeuvres Robert into marrying a tidy girl, Brenda, in whom sexual passion is virtually non-existent. To bring Brenda and Robert together she sacrifices the desires of Alec, but that is nothing for she is certain Alec will never leave the hearth.

The years that pass are anything but pleasant for Robert. Brenda inherits some money and becomes set on the idea of plastering the name of Dunwoody all over Ireland in a series of successful chain stores. She won't have any children; business success is to be her immortality.

The frigidity of Brenda leads to trouble and the dénouement. Robert's code had always been as rigid as that of any anchorite, but he does permit himself the second lapse of his life when the opportunity is overpowering. The result is a child born outside the pale to a soft girl whose father Brenda has ruined by forcing his shop to the wall. Brenda can't see the poetic justice in this, and she breaks with Robert, not, however, to allow him a divorce.

So Robert leaves the mother of his child with his own mother, who has now grown doubtful of the wisdom of her actions and goes away again to sea.

The resolution of "The Wayward Man" makes the story a biting sermon against those who would deny the clamors of life. All the main characters in the book are

in the Chanak incident of 1922, when war threatened between Great Britain and Turkey, he admitted that the issue might arise some day. It was the attitude of the Dominions in 1922, desiring to "draw back into their shells, abandoning any intention of being led blindly by Great Britain," which led to last year's imperial conference at London, clarifying the relations between Britain and the Dominions, he declared.

Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College and Chairman of the Institute, who attended the British round table with Lady Brice, widow of Viscount Brice, who was the outstanding figure of the first Institute session in 1921, commented on the analogy between the change in attitude of the American Eastern States toward the West, and of Great Britain toward her colonies.

"A President from the East has gone to Summer in the West," he commented.

"And," Professor Heaton added "a Prince of Wales has gone to Canada."

At the round table on differences between Anglo-Saxon and Continental law, F. H. Aldrich, a Detroit lawyer, took issue with a statement by the round table leader, Dr. Pierre Le Paulle of Paris, that common law was "judge-made." Mr. Aldrich, a former jurist, declared that common law judges do not make the law, but merely declare it or discover it in particular cases.

Dr. Robert Michels, Professor of Economics at the University of Basle, delivered his lecture tonight on the subject "The Basis of Political Party Life in Europe."

Bibliography - 1927

Old Clothes

Fine Clothes to the Jew. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. HUGHES is right when he reprimands Mr. Schuyler in *The Nation* for denying the necessity for a Negro expression. Such expression is not only unavoidable, but it is also most desirable for both America and the Negro. The original American from Europe has done nothing with his heritage and is certainly now too distant from it to convert it to contemporary uses. Whatever hope there is for an American art lies with the minor races. To urge a cultural assimilation of the Negro is to urge the Negro to lose his singular identity and to enter into something only nominal. For him to become an American is for him to toss away a unified character for something unestablished and as yet unattractive. For what shall he exchange his native systemic heritage; for contradictions unfused?

4-13-27 New York Herald

The Negro is conscious of his singular identity. But as yet there are few among his artists equipped to meet this consciousness of identity with a consciousness of its material. The Negro artists divide themselves into those who have capitalized the fact of color without paying for it by the study of its essence and peculiarity, those who recognize the need for a separate expression of a racial material but whose aesthetic apprehension or control is not adequate, and those who attack the essential material for what it can yield under aesthetic suasion. It is evident that an artist is great in proportion as he approaches the third category. Of the Negro poets only Jean Toomer has entered it with both feet. Langston Hughes is as yet on the threshold of the second category, and there is no visible progress in his present book beyond "The Weary Blues" to reveal that he has become sensible of his poetic problem, which is *to convert the material.*

Whatever value as poetry the Negro spirituals or blues may have, duplicate spirituals or blues have only duplicate values. In the conformation of the inherent qualities of these indigenous songs to an original personal intelligence or intuition lies the poetic performance. And Mr. Hughes has not made the material so conform. One critic has attributed to his work "force, passion, directness, and sensitive perception." The "force" is the material's, not the poet's. It remains literal, unconverted. The "passion" is not great enough to convert the *attitudes* of his verse (attitudes simply rewritten from the material) into integrated experiences or even effective quasi-experiences. "Directness" in itself is of no importance; it can intensify or sharpen initial power or give precision to inventiveness. His "perception" is not sensitive, for what he sees it takes only eyes to see. He reads what is written, no great feat; he hears well, that is, his receptive pitch is accurate. But what of the final instrument of poetry that recreates the sensations in terms of a personal idiom? He is apparently unaware of even its existence.

Mr. Hughes has been called an interpreter of certain of his race. Perhaps. I see nothing in his verses to convince me of their experiential authenticity. But interpretations are only reutterances at best. Not even a translation creates the new utterance which is a poem. I find in the work of Langston Hughes the recording of certain Negro songs. I have no doubt it is as good a record as we own, for he has here and there done a little rewriting. But beyond that he has made no individual contribution.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Schomburg's Rare Negro Library Now at the 135th Street Branch

Noted Bibliophile Began Collecting Books on His Race 35 Years Ago — Tells of His Recent Trip to Spain

What is without a doubt the largest collection of literature by or about Negroes in existence was presented to the 135th Street Branch of the New York Public Library by the Carnegie Corporation of New York at a function held at the branch library Friday evening. The collection was recently bought from Arthur Schomburg, writer and bibliophile, 105 Kosciusko street, Brooklyn, for $10,000.

Arthur A. Schomburg

After addresses by Dr. Frederick P. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation, Mrs. Elise McDougald, assistant principal of Public School No. 89; Dr. Franklin F. Hopper, library director, and Miss Ernestine Rose, librarian of the Branch, the presentation was made by L. Hollingsworth Wood, chairman of the National Urban League Board.

Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, editor of the Forum Magazine and president of the Schomburg Advisory Committee, presided. In calling attention to the fact that the collection is "the largest of its kind in the world," Mr. Leach pointed out the tremendous influence its being housed in the library where all could reach it was bound to have not only on the minds of white and colored in New York City, but on the nation.

Dr. Hopper, in congratulating the library on the acquisition, said that one of the most hopeful signs in the race problem was "the way in which history was being made in Harlem." The policy of the Public Library, he said, was to foster the cultures of the various groups that go to make up the nation, as a remedy against "the barrenness of American life" which, he said, had been brought about largely by "the cramming of Anglo-Saxonism indiscriminately down the throats of the people."

Mrs. McDougald predicted that the collection would prove of tremendous educational value not only to those engaged in creative work, but to the great masses of the race.

"Colored people," she said, "lack inspiration because they don't know what their historical background has been, and here they will find evidence to prove that it has been as great as that of any other race." She further told how it would prove beneficial not only to the more than 500 colored school teachers of the city, but the white ones, some of whom in Harlem were now teaching about Frederick Douglass, not having done so before simply because they had never heard about him.

Schomburg Collection Of Negro Literature Now At 135th St. Branch Library

The Arthur Schomburg collection of books on the history, problems literature, etc., of the Negro, was formally opened at the 135th Street Branch Public Library Friday evening, January 14.

Frederick P. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation, which gave the money for the purchase of the collection, and who was scheduled to be the principal speaker, was unable to be present.

Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, editor of The Forum, presided, and called on the following speakers: Franklyn F. Hopper, head of the Circulation Department of the Public Library; Mrs. Elise McDougald, assistant principal of Public School 89; L. Hollingsworth Wood of the National Urban League; and Mr. Shomburg.

Dr. E. H. Anderson, director of the Public Library, was also present and said a few words.

Musical numbers were furnished by the male quartet from Utica Normal and Industrial School, Utica, Miss.

Miss Ernestine Rose, librarian of the West 135th Street Branch, estimates that the collection contains between 7,000 and 8,000 volumes, which include many rare and important pamphlets of slavery days. The collection is housed on the third floor of the 1335th Street Branch, and is in charge of Mrs. Katherine Latimer library assistant.

Darrow's Winning Plea In Sweet Trial Reprinted

NEW YORK.—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth avenue, today announced a reprint in Detroit as a result of which Henry Sweet was acquitted of the charge of murder.

The argument which is regarded as a masterpiece of court oratory, and which deals not only with the segregation issue in Detroit leading up to the attack on the Sweet home, but with the psychology of the Negro confronted by segregation, is a 36-page pamphlet.

Songs of the Lowly

"Fine Clothes to the Jew," by Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price $2.

By DEWEY R. JONES

When hard luck overtakes you
Nothin' for you to do.
When hard luck overtakes you
Nothin' for you to do.
Gather up you' fine clothes
An' sell 'em to the Jew.

And thus the second book of poems by this young singer and student makes its bow. Not unlike "The Weary Blues" in many of its passages, "Fine Clothes" is more subtle, if possible, therefore more intriguing than the former volume printed early last year and now said to be in its third edition.

"Fine Clothes to the Jew" is a combination of typical chain-gang chants, blues songs heard all over the South today and in the large cities of the North since the war, "down home" Baptist church services, and plaints of the person lowest down everywhere. There are also scattered among these reproductions the author's own plaintive note against conditions as he finds them.

When "The Weary Blues" made its curtsy to America I expressed the belief that it heralded the approach of the real poet of the Race. "Fine Clothes to the Jew" only accentuates that belief. We have needed someone to interpret the emotions—the inner feelings—the dreams, even, of the great masses of us who are so far down in the scale of things. Dunbar treated of these same subjects as they applied in his day. And with his passing there was no one to take up the songs an ignorant "black gal" sings down on Rampart St., for instance. There was no one who dared go beneath the surface of things and express in poetry the little witticisms of the convict—the gambler—the idler, or the "pimp." White men tried it and failed, and young poets of our Race studiously eschewed the subject. The reason, presumably the fear of antagonizing the white man who must print, and who must read the book, if it is to pay for itself.

Langston Hughes, with master strokes and fearlessness, rips into the problem and lays it bare for all the world to see. The section of "Fine Clothes" devoted to the blues I passed over with almost cursory attention. I know the blues fairly well, having heard them in their various ramifications practically all my life. My experience is that of the average person of my Race. To white readers of the book, however, I venture to say that this section and that devoted to "Hallelujahs" will bring real revelations and even thrills. For their sakes I am glad Langston Hughes included them.

But for me and for others of my Race there is real enjoyment—a sort of personal pride in those songs from Georgia Roads, the Railroad Avenue group and the Beale Street love. Perhaps no work in the entire book gives a clearer impression of the depth of feeling Mr. Hughes has on his subject than the sketch of "Ruby Brown." Here he gives vent to a felling of long-suppressed (it seems), deep-burning, but calm resentment at conditions faced by young women of our Race in every small southern community today.

She was young and beautiful,
And golden like the sunshine
That warmed her body.
And because she was Colored
Mayville had no place to offer her,
Nor fuel for the clean flame of joy
That tried to burn within her soul.

Well, Miss Ruby sits down one day and thinks out her problem, the results of which land her in a bordello where she is the toast of white men who

Pay more money to her now
Than they ever did before,
When she worked in their kitchens.

Ruby's case is typical. But for that matter, so are most of the other cases mentioned by Langston Hughes in "Fine Clothes." He has the faculty of transporting you into the midst of those about whom he is discoursing—you see them in their frolicking "Saturday night" at a "drag," and you dance along with the rest—or you stand on the bank of the Mississippi river with the 'Ruined Gal" and sympathize with her even when she says:

Damn ma black old mammy's soul
For ever havin' a daughter.

What is more true to our lives than Mr. Hughes' "Feet o' Jesus"?

BOOK CHAT

"THE NEGRO IN OUR HISTORY," by Carter G. Wodson, Ph. D. The Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C. Price $3.00.

In the Fourth Edition of "The Negro In Our History," Dr. Woodson has some added features which give the work additional value, chief among these is the African background. Chapters 1-3 deal with the African background, the primitive peoples, Pygmies, Bushmen, Hottentots and the Bantu; the early institutions such as marriage, polygamy, morals and religion; the industrial arts and fine arts and most important of all the African kingdoms and their civilization. This portion is especially valuable because such a little is generally known about it and some writers on the Negro have ignored it and even denied it.

Chapter 4, is on the African in contact with Europeans and the slavery resulting therefrom and slavery in the Tropics.

Beginning with Chapter 6 slavery is introduced in America and we have the Negro during the period of the Revolution with some efforts made on his behalf by men like Jefferson, Patrick Henry and others. There is also an account of some early institutions such as schools and churches. In Chapter 10 we have the reaction after the Revolution, the indifference on the part of Congress, the work of Toussiant L'Overture in Haiti and the decline of anti-slavery efforts.

From Chapters 13-22 we have slavery at it worst, from the Revolution to the Emancipation; the beginning of definite agitation and forming public opinion by the Negro press and other Negro agitators; active abolitinists such as Garrison, Phillips and Douglass and the Civil War period followed by the Emancipation and the efforts of Lincoln.

The Reconstruction begins with Chapter 23 and reaction and disfranchisement follow when the Negro is thrown out chiefly on account of color although many were ignorant, but so were the whites. The achievements of the Negro under unfavorable circumstances begin with Chapter 25 and follow, his intellectual advancement scientific, economic and religious and we also have him seeking his rights bfore the courts.

The Chapter on "The Negro in the World War" is especially timely as some very desecrating things have been said in this connection and should not go unchallenged.

In a volume of this kind the author was compelled to be brief, but for those who desire details, Dr. Woodson had provided ample references. The work is what it purports to be and the Negro race is indebted to this scientific historian for his treatment of this neglected subject.

—B. W. HARRIS

More Spirituals

UNDER the no wfamiliar imprint and editing, we have this second book of sixty-one additional Negro spirituals, some of them old favorites and some quite new and unfamiliar. Their undiminished popularity suggests what is editorially claimed, "that these songs are really one of the imperishable contributions to American art." The settings are time exclusively by Rosamond Johnson, and show happily together with the familiar versatility, a tendency in this volume toward less ornamentation of the accompaniment and greater simplicity of harmonic background, which certainly preserves more adequately the original tradition of these great [illegible] songs.

A. L.

THE SECOND BO[illegible]
and Rosamond Jo[illegible]
paid of The Surve[illegible]

'IRITUALS, *by James Weldon*
ss. 189 pp. Price $3.50 *post-*

BOOK REVIEW

Langston Hughes — the Sewer Dweller

FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW. A new book of poems by Langston Hughes, author of the "Weary Blues." Published by Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00 net.

ABOUT 100 pages of trash, that is about all we can say of "Fine Clothes to the Jew," by Langston Hughes. It is not even the kind of trash made by an accumulation of excelsior or straw or waste paper. Instead, it reeks of the gutter and sewer.

After reading it one feels that he has passed through one of those Parisian sewers so well described by Victor Hugo in Les Miserables. True, now and then one passes openings where a little light and fresh air are permitted to penetrate the underground passage, such as when one reads the nine poems grouped under the chapter heading, Glory Hallelujah, and "Dressed Up" in the group, Beale Street Love, which shows that Mr. Hughes has both imagination and talent.

I had ma clothes cleaned
Just like new.
I put 'em on but
I still feels blue.

I bought a new hat,
Sho is fine,
But I wish I had back that
Old gal o' mine.

I got new shoes,
They don't hurt ma feet,
But I ain't got nobody
For to call me sweet.

It is true that even the sewer is necessary, but we do not understand why so promising a poet as Hughes prefers to linger there and write the kind of drivel that characterizes his "Weary Blues" and the present volume.

We do not maintain that all poetry should be uplifting, or that it should deal exclusively with subjects foreign to every day existence, but we do not believe that it should debase merely for the sake of debasing, to satisfy the morbid tendencies of a jazz-crazed world—as is done in "Red Silk Stockings."

Put on yu' red silk stockings,
Black gal,
Go out an' let de white boys
Look at yo' legs.

Ain't nothin' to do for you, no how,
Round this town,
You's too pretty,
Put on yo' red silk stockings gal,
An' tomorrow's chile'll
Be a high yaller.

Go out an' let de white boys
Look at yo' legs.

If poetry of this type is the only kind white publishers will accept it may be that the world—both the black and the white world—would be just as well off without it.

W. M. K.

Fisk Prof Has New Book

NASHVILLE.—Dr. Paul Radin, professor of anthropology at Fisk University and formerly lecturer in ethnology at Cambridge University, England, is author of a new book, "The Story of the American Indian," published by Boni and Liverright.

At present Dr. Radin is at work studying the tribal origin of the American Negro and African tribal survivals among the Negro.

French Take Time in Compiling Dictionary

Paris, France, Oct. 28.—The famous dictionary is half done after 50 years of work by the Academie Francaise and the first part will be released soon. During the three centuries existence of the academie its one continuous job has been compiling the official dictionary, which itself is rarely seen, but which serves as the basis for other similar and more condensed works. The first edition of the dictionary was started in 1638 and was published 55 years later. Each meeting of the academie is closed with the acceptance of many new words, but by the time a section of the dictionary is ready the words are obsolete.

Bibliography - 4/27

Man's Antiquity as a Matter of a Million Years

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By Sir Arthur Keith. Illustrated. London: Williams & Norgate. 25s. Revised Edition.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH presides this week over the annual meeting of the British Association at Leeds. The subject of his Presidential address is "Darwin's Theory of Man's Descent as It Stands Today." No man in Europe is better qualified to do justice to this theme of high intellectual and controversial interest.

In 1896, when he was 30, he published his first book, "An Introduction to the Study of the Anthropoid Apes," following in Huxley's footsteps. In 1908 he was appointed Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, with its great collection of the skulls of all races and all times. It was exactly the opportunity he required. He said himself, "In what some people call a great Golgotha, the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places." His ample use of these new opportunities appears in his monograph, "Ancient Types of Man," and in his greatest book, "The Antiquity of Man," which first appeared during the war and which he has revised and enlarged in a second edition.

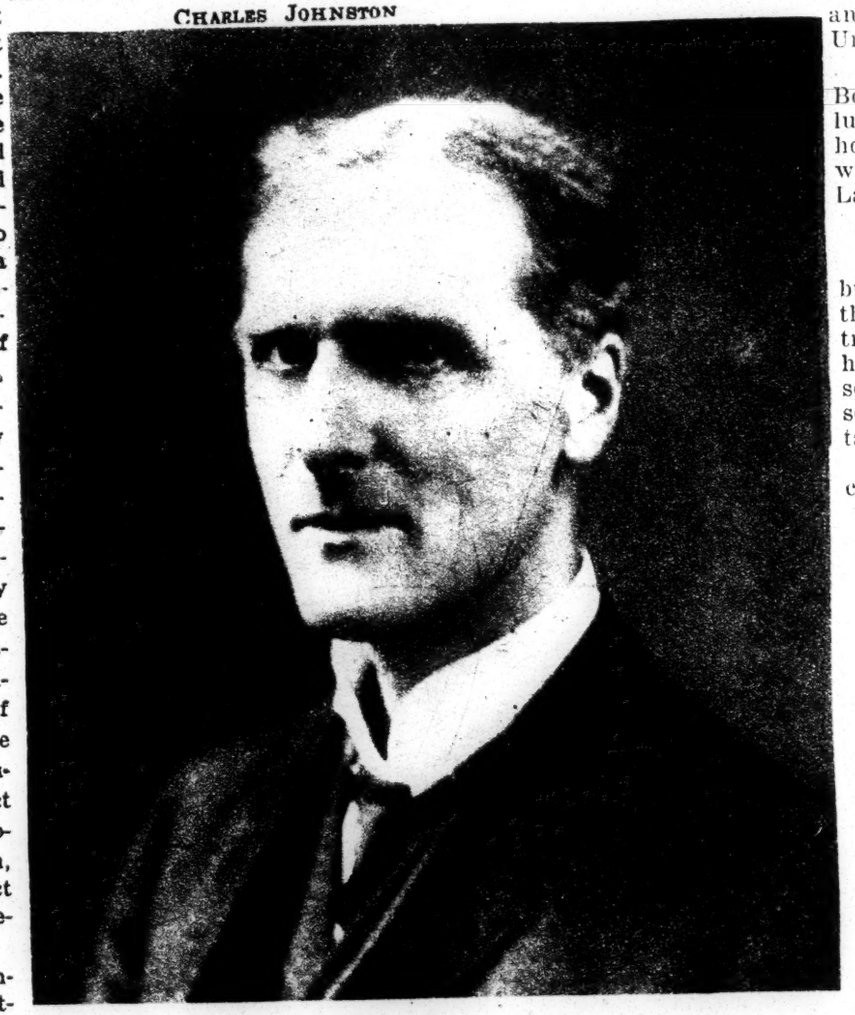
In recent years discoveries of ancient man have followed each other with extraordinary rapidity. To quote Sir Arthur Keith:

> The human family has had added to it a large fossil membership; we have seen the most uncouth forms of humanity recovered in a fossil state, and we can get glimpses of a world peopled by beings unlike any that now exist.

Most books on the antiquity of man, for example, that of the great French anthropologist, Boule, begin at the earliest known relics of man, whether bones or implements, and work down to recent times. Sir Arthur Keith follows the opposite course, beginning at the further fringe of the historic period and going backward through millenniums. So in due time he comes to the fossilized fragments of bone found in 1911 at Piltdown, "almost at the front door of a picturesque Sussex farm-house." From a shallow bed of brown gravel, between the avenue and the hedge, were disinterred the fragments of a skull, together with bones of extinct mammals of the Pliocene Age, not less than half a million years ago. The Piltdown skull fragments were recognized as much older than the problematic Pithecanthropus and also older than the heavy-browed man of Neaderthal; as, in all probability, the oldest human bones so far discovered. Here, then, was a providential opportunity to measure the brain and, so far as possible, thereby explore the mind of the earliest forerunner of modern man. Charles Dawson, the discoverer, in which honor the new type was named Eoanthropus Dawsoni, "Dawson's dawn man," conveyed the precious skull fragments to London for reconstruction. Then a heated controversy began. The strict evidence, on the one side, and dogmatic prepossessions, on the other, came into conflict. As Sir Arthur Keith says of the Darwinian dogmatist of the straiter sect, faced with disconcerting facts, "he cannot reject the discovery as false without doing an injury to his sense of truth, and he cannot accept it as a fact without shattering his accepted beliefs."

Two sharply contrasted reconstructions of the skull of the Piltdown man, who was possibly a woman, were, in fact, made. One, by a distinguished anthropologist of the narrower kind, gave a brain capacity of 1,070 cubic centimeters, no more than the brain of an Australian aboriginal; the other, by, Sir Arthur Keith himself, showed the much larger brain capacity of 1,500 cubic centimeters, equal to that of a modern European. Sir Arthur Keith says, "In brain capacity the head of the Piltdown race was remarkably similar to that of the modern races." And he places this Piltdown race in the Pliocene Period, not less than half a million years ago and possibly much more. Nor does he think that this is the beginning, for he ends his book by saying, "There is not a single fact known to me which makes the existence of a human form in the Miocene an impossibility." And the close of the Miocene Period, immediately preceding the Pliocene, is estimated at not less than a million years ago.

CHARLES JOHNSTON



Sir Arthur Keith.

BLIND BOONE, FAMOUS PIANIST, DIES SUDDENLY

Is Taken By An Attack While Visiting Relatives At Warrensburg, Mo. Retired Last Spring After Colorful Career

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Oct. 7.—The final curtain was lowered and the show ended Tuesday for the internationally known concert pianist, William John (Blind) Boone. Mr. Boone died here suddenly amidst scenes of his first musical triumph at the age of 64. He had arrived at the home of his brother-in-law for a visit only a short time before the fatal attack, coming from Columbia, Mo.

Retired Last Spring.

Last May Mr. Boone retired from the concert stage upon the advice of his physician. The strain of his musical career had begun to have telling effects upon him at that time.

Mr. Boone was born in Saline County, Mo. Although blind from birth he had a colorful career. From the time of his first public appearance after leaving the school for the blind at St. Louis he was able to reproduce music from hearing. The marvelous ability of the artist won him widespread fame. Twice he made concert tours through Europe and five times he encircled the United States

After retiring last May, Mr. Boone returned to his home in Columbia, Mo., which also was the home of the late John Lang, who was his manager for 36 years. Lang's death greatly affected Boone.

Organized Concert Company.

Mr. Boone always held Warrensburg high in his esteem for it was there that he scored his first musical triumph. In that city he organized his first orchestra with a first and second mouth organ and first and second tin whistle, a triangle and tambourine.

Of late years Mr. Boone had a concert company of note.

Books I Have Read Recently

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

What Is Going On in Haiti

AMERICAN NEGROES may suspect, but it is difficult to get facts. Every once in a while there comes a press dispatch from the white men who are governing in Haiti telling of the great advancement made in various lines. What is the real truth of the matter? We have at last a book which tells this truth. It is "Occupied Haiti," edited by Emily Greene Balch of Wellesley College.

This book is the report "of a committee of six disinterested Americans representing organizations exclusively American, who have personally studied conditions in Haiti, 1926, and who favor the restoration of the independence of the Negro republic."

On this committee were two Negro women, Mrs. Addie W. Hunton and Miss Charlotte Atwood. Besides these were two women professors in the University of Chicago and Wellesley College, a man also professor in the University of Chicago and a woman representing the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

This book has six chapters telling something of the history of Haiti; the facts concerning the occupation; the economics of the situation; land; agriculture; health; education; public works, racial relations, etc.

The unanimous conclusion of the book is that the United States should get out of Haiti and as soon as possible restore this country to the brave people who made it the second republic to appear in the Western Hemisphere.

Persons who wish to be armed with facts concerning the situation should read this book. It is short and full of interesting things. The following quotation is taken from the last chapter:

"From the point of view of United States interests, in the most 'hard-boiled' sense, there is little to be said for the continuance of our Occupation of Haiti. Americann investments there have in general not proved a source of legitimate profits, but of loss, and there is now nothing to justify, from the selfish point of view, the continued expenditure of United States money in administering the country.

"From the point of view of Haiti's interests, it is not true that we are in Haiti solely as disinterested benefactors, nor that we can show clean hands in our business dealings there. If our officials have tried to benefit the people of Haiti (as we believe they have), it is also true that the Occupation has cared for American financial interests there, of a none too creditable sort, at the expense of our poor and weak neighbors.

"Happily it is not the case that the United States is confined to the alternative of either occupying Haiti, or else regarding her necessities with indifference and unconcern. It is perfectly possible to be a good neighbor and help Haiti to attain health, education, public improvements and public order by other less drastic and ultimately more effective methods than military control.

"The authors of this report believe that the Occupation should be ended for the sake of Haiti, for the sake of the United States, and especially for the sake of good relations among all American republic, and finally because it is in itself an unjustified use of power."

American Negroes should get acquainted with the Vanguard Press. The Vanguard Press is an organization in New York City started by the trustees of the Garland Fund. Its object is to publish cheap books on great subjects. Some of these books are republications of well-known classics; others are original compositions. But altogether the books issued by the Vanguard Press are among the most readable and interesting that the ordinary person can find; and in addition to all this, as I have said before, they are cheap, fifty cents a volume. Among the books already published we would note first, naturally, Charles R. Wesley's "Negro Labor in the United States." This is the most comprehensive study ever made of the way in which the slave became a modern workingman. It is not easy reading because it is crammed full of statistics; but it is invaluable for reference and ought to be in every black man's library. Then there are well-known classics like Ruskin's "View of Social Justice"; George Bernard Shaw's "Socialism"; Wells' "Social Anticipation"; Jack London's "Essays on Revolt." There is Peter Kropopkin's "Conquest of Bread"; Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class"; Lenin's "Imperialism"; Tolstoi's "War, Patriotism and Peace." There is a book on the story of civil liberty in the United States, and essay "where civilization is going." Books on the "war myth in the United States history"; "Is Conscience a Crime?"; "Not Guilty"; "New Tactics in Social Conflicts." In all about twenty-five volumes have been issued and others are planned. For instance, there is to be during the winter a book on Negro education in the South. Persons interested in these books should write to the Vanguard Press, 80 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Columbus, Ga. Enquirer-Sun
OCT 10 1927

Good Morning

By W. C. Woodall

"A SKETCH IN BLACK"

(Description of Negro Life in the Beaufort, S. C., Triangle, as written by N. L. Willet for The Augusta Chronicle.)

NOT FIVE PER CENT of the negroes of Alabama own their homes—all of which leads to unstableness and continuous migration. Here practically all negroes own their homes (as a result of the Civil War), and this anchors them. Furthermore these isolated island negroes have become attached to their environment—put them elsewhere and they become lonely, homesick and unhappy. No negro who has grown up in the "Beaufort triangle" can ever feel just at home anywhere else. I mean here that great "V" made by converging Port Royal and St. Helena Sounds (with the Barrier islands as a fifteen mile long sea base) with interesting Station Creek and Harbor river with their marshes, and intersecting Johnson river and its marshes, and intersecting (i. e., crossing from one sound to the other) Beaufort river and its marshes, and at the apex, inland, at Seabrook, the meeting of Broad and Coosaw rivers together with their marshes. No negro reared in this beautiful dan rare wealth of waters and islands and marshes with its abundant edible wild sea life can ever feel at home elsewhere. Take him away and he will not only pine for the old places but he will not know in the new place just how to make a living.

* * *

NINE YEARS AGO the weevil came here in unthinkable numbers. Ten acres of Sea Island cotton land would not give you a bale—the plant became wholly vegetative running up, as it did, ten feet high and with stalks three to [illegible] inches in diameter. This advent gave the Sea Island negroes a great wrench. Several thousands left St. Helena, but unlike the up-country negro, who was unattached to his locality, these St. Helena negroes did not go to north, but moved over to Beaufort, but mostly they moved down the coast to Savannah where they live in a colony to themselves and work on the river as stevedores. They love boats and the frequent Savannah-Beaufort boats make them feel at home in Savannah. They come home to Beaufort every few weeks and when they die they come back home—by the boat—to stay!

In Beaufort here are not a few immigrant negroes, negroes from the up-country, some from Augusta, many from Hampton county, some from Allendale, some from Barnwell and Colletin counties.

* * *

BUT THESE OLD TIME and these new negroes do not mix well and amalgamate and there is this same gulf and seemingly impassable, between the old revolutionary white families here and the post-Civil War immigrants. Slavery began in the United States about two hundred and sixty-three years ago, but it is practically only here in Beaufortland that the negro that was originally brought in remains today and just as he was then. Everywhere else the negro has been shifting about, amalgamating and changing in status. The African lecturer who spoke last week in Beaufort told of the Gallah negro of West Africa and said he: "I think you still speak the same old language for when you talk among yourselves I can't understand you." The rector of St. Helena and myself went to negro churches twice to hear this African heir to a throne speak. Their church meetings are very democratic and whole souled. The rector said to them, "You enjoy your religion more than do the whites." Singing is a great factor in their meetings. They sing very effectively such songs as "Steal Away." There is constantly throughout the room here and there now augmentation and now a dying out and by voices that do not seem to be singing soprano, alto or tenor—but the blending and consonance is perfect. This singing quality of the Gullah negro comes down to him as a tradition.

* * *

NO WHERE ELSE in the south are "Spirituals" sung en masse as you can hear them in the Penn school community house on St. Helena and there is not a male quartet in all the United States who can sing spirituals as can the quite celebrated Penn school quartet. Singing and the "Spirituals" I repeat is a matter of continuous tradition with church services and altogether it is an exhibit distinctive and local and triangle. It would be an unfortunate and sad day if this old tribe here in black, serving so well in rice and long cotton and rock phosphate days and holding on so valiantly and in perfect continuity to their old-time traditions and customs should be broken up and should scatter and become a lost tribe!

* * *

THIS SCATTERING, if it comes, will never come by any process of starvation! Over and over again do I hear the phrase "You cannot starve one of them." Their crops on their farms grow almost without scratching the ground—the ox who feeds himself and works semi-occasionally is all that is necessary on the farm, and about them is a wealth all the year, of seafood. They do always what the German call "leisurely work" and do not suffer from nervous break downs. I talked to the chief of police here about them.

* * *

THE CHIEF SAID: "After the [illegible] War some of the black enlisted men came home hard-and careless and gave some trouble, but this is gone. These people today seem to have no rought element, if there were, life here for the whites would be difficult. On St. Helena with its 6,000 blacks, there is no officer that can make an arrest. In Beaufort I manage traffic and my two lieutenants do chiefly sanitary work. People here who leave their homes at night shut the door, but do not lock it. In the country when people come to town on Saturday the whole premises are left wide open and unguarded."

* * *

THIS ABOVE STATUS is all the more strange and remarkable when we remember the upheaval of the Civil War, which caused here among the whites far more tears and more sorrow and more tosses than obtained in any other portion of the states in the same length of time. The whites refugeed and in the end the negroes owned the plantations.

And so I repeat considering the Civil War upheaval that what the chief said as to conditions today seem very strange. We could expect indeed very different conditions when a white man here goes into a negro church he is expected to talk and the congregation is apt to nod approvingly and to applaud. One does not forget their songs. There is nothing mechanical in these services. In talking to a lumber man here he told me of the many repairs being made to old churches and the many new churches the negroes here in this city and country were building. The church means more to him than does the church to the white man. It is a social factor to him as well as a religious factor in his life.

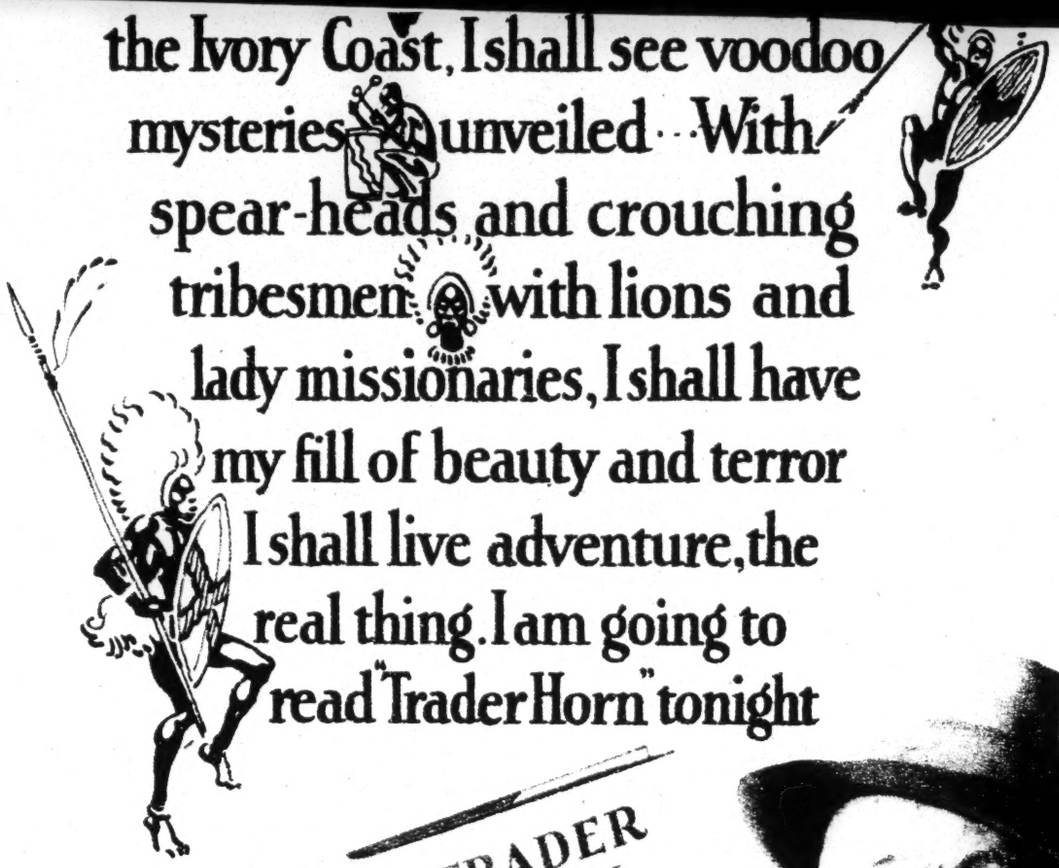
* * *

FOR THIS CHURCH he makes many a sacrifice. When a church is making a rally not only other negro congregations, but the whites contribute. They are well organized in their societies. They all belong to them—as against the days of sickness and of death. I am told here that no negro ever fills a pauper's grave as buried at public expense.

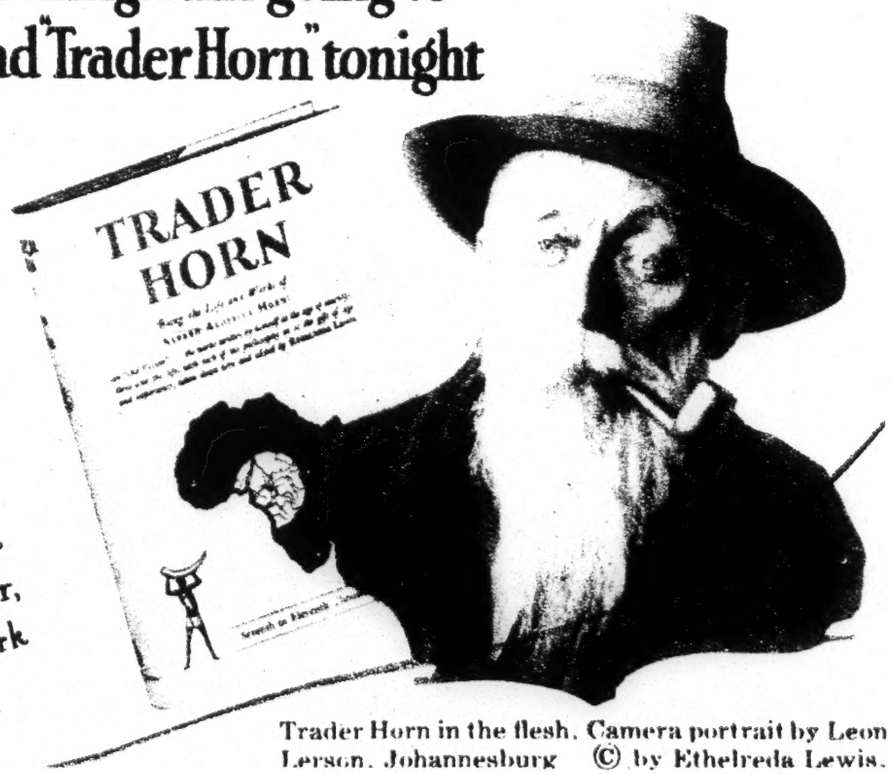
Bibliography - 1927

I am going to buy Trader Horn today! I shall sail beyond the sun··· Wildest Africa will be my home, swift rivers my daily course, ivory, apes and peacocks my stock in trade, and cannibals my blood brothers··· Romance will run amuck. A President of the United States, sight-seeing his way through Africa, will order his prize gorilla from me. (What matter if I ship him instead the pickled body of an old trader who wanted to be buried at home?···) I shall see the mighty Cecil Rhodes get drunk on prickly pear brandy and, as part of the day's work, I shall snatch him from the hungry crocodiles··· I shall watch my native friends toss their useless grandmothers into the jungle torrents, laughing riotously during the sacred rites··· With my gallant school-mate "Little Peru" I shall rescue the fair haired octoroon Nina T-- daughter of a British peer from the josh house where she is imprisoned and worshipped as a goddess··· I shall level off the sand crying "Your shout" upon the swishing waters of the forest and toss a gold piece for her hand··· In places marked "unexplored" on the latest maps of

the Ivory Coast, I shall see voodoo mysteries unveiled · · With spear-heads and crouching tribesmen with lions and lady missionaries, I shall have my fill of beauty and terror I shall live adventure, the real thing. I am going to read "Trader Horn" tonight



"Trader Horn" being the Life ~ and Works of Alfred Aloysius ~ Horn: set down by himself at the age of seventy-three and edited by Ethelreda Lewis, with a fore- word by John Galsworthy. Now in its seventy-fifth thousand. $4.00 at all book-stores. Pub ~ lished by Simon and Schuster, 37 West 57th Street, New York



Trader Horn in the flesh. Camera portrait by Leon Lerson, Johannesburg © by Ethelreda Lewis.

Bibliography - 1927

Homes of the Freed by Rossa B. Cooley. New Republic, Inc., 1926. 199 pp. $1.00.

IN HER book *Homes of the Freed*, Miss Rossa B. Cooley has etched the growing self-respect and economic independence of the islanders of St. Helena against a background of ignorance, superstititon, and poverty. Nor is it a study of the developing civic consciousness of these people alone, but it is a revelation of the missionary zeal of white women who would transplant at Penn School "those ideals of industrial training and community upbuilding associated with the names of Armstrong, Frissell, Buttrick, of Washington and Moton."

The death of one of the workers within one month of their arrival failed to dim the vision for the other; instead it made rather more imperative the study of the health problems of St. Helena, an island with 6,000 Negroes and, in 1904, not one physician nor nurse nearer than Beaufort, S. C.

In the first of the four parts of her story, Miss Cooley recounts not only her personal "administerings" to the sick of the community, but in vivid style she describes the gradual change from the use of "rubbin" and "drinkin" patent nostrums to the willing visit to the school clinic. The investigation and combating of disease by a nurse and resident physician of Penn School, assisted by the State Department of Health, and a mobilized community mark the climax in this campaign for better sanitary conditions.

Through her accounts of the extension work with a Community Class for Midwives the reader is impressed with the dignity, the loyalty, and the serious responsiveness of these women. His sympathy is enlisted for Violet, attractive but mindless, and stone blind besides; for Pinkie, "tall, very dark with skin like satin . . . her shapely head tied up in a white cotton cloth," mindless too; Bella Legare, entirely blind and crippled, but "no note of whine in her voice"; and for Mackie, able to walk only a few steps before falling, but so eager to learn that he would half crawl to school, depending upon the chance of a friendly lift or a short cut to lessen the ordeal of getting there. And like a hidden spring flows always the selfless energy of Penn teachers.

In the second part, entitled "The Bandage of Love," a more intimate account of the influence of Penn School upon the life of the older women of the community is given. The inspiration afforded the islanders by the school as an architectural accomplishment is stressed. Having explained the lack of opportunity for Negro women of the island to become homemakers, the author through personal anecdotes shows how interdependent the school and community are. Biographical touches of the women who have made the bridge between slavery and the years of freedom lend warmth and humor and prove that Rivena Wroten, the farmer, Aunt Satira, "always like a sunbeam," Mrs. Juno, whose management of the Sales House tests her ability as a "born manager," and her successor, Mrs. Virginia Brown, are all bound to Penn House with the "bandage of love" mentioned in the prayer, "Darlin Jesus, please to bind us all together with a bandage of love."

"From Slave Hut to Home," the title of Part III., is a long step. How long a stride is best measured by the description given of the "Street" by old Uncle Carolina, who recalled frequently the two rows of houses, the one chimney house, the one room. He remembered the moss bed in the loft with the one blanket used by the two children for "kiver," the board nailed up "side of the house" for the parents.

Compare this with the following picture suggested by one of the files from the office of Penn School:

> "Size of house: Five rooms. Neatness: Good. Neatness of yard: Good. Outbuildings: Two. Neatness: Fair.
>
> "Size of Farm: 22 acres. Crops: Corn, peas, sweet potatoes, cotton, sugar cane.
>
> "Garden: About 20x30 feet. Woodland: About half an acre."

Now add to the picture St. Helena homes that won first the third and then the second prize in the National Better Homes Campaign in 1922 and 1923, respectively, in which St. Helena competed with 961 American communities.

Miss Cooley gives a brief account of the land ownership by the people of the island from 1865 until the present day. To her the home there today gives evidence not only of the economic development of the Negro, but also of his natural appreciation of color and beauty. But she feels that there are still problems of agricultural economy and education as serious as those of 1865.

The fourth and last chapter, under the caption "The Younger Generation," gives a more detailed review of the industries taught the girls of Penn School. A careful analysis of the problems of both teacher and taught is made. There is the definite attempt to develop the young woman in respect to her surroundings and to map out a course that will be of unquestionable value in helping her solve her problems, not so much as a domestic wage earner as a home-maker and mother, "the cultural leaders and farm women for their own rural communities."

Particularly significant are the closing paragraphs of *Homes of the Freed*, in which Miss Cooley, as in the beginning, refers to the prejudice against young Negroes. She feels that a better understanding can come only through knowledge and expresses the hope that the great experiment in democracy will win out when the younger white people realize" the conditions, the struggles, the successes of the oncoming generation of the black race, a struggle shared to its depths by the women of the race."

Here is sociological data handled lightly, yes, but with sincerity and clarity. Much of truth applicable to communities larger and more complex than St. Helena may be gleaned. Miss Cooley questions whether in St. Helena necessary lessons in economics will go hand in hand with lessons from books. She wonders whether the ownership of land will be retained and frankly asks whether the younger generation will continue the struggle that means real freedom. Serious questions, significant everywhere.

Bertha McNeil.

PREJUDICES: SIXTH SERIES

By H. L. MENCKEN

The editor of *The American Mercury* at his best on some thirty contemporary subjects. The index shows that he pays his respects to one hundred and eighty-eight personages, from Noah to John Roach Straton, and to nearly as many institutions, including Christian Science, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Congress of the United States. $2.50

Prejudices I-V, boxed together, $12.50

Bibliography-1927

BOOK ON "NEGRO LABOR IN U. S." BACKED BY GARLAND FUND NOW OUT

New York, April 8.—"Negro Labor in the United States," by Charles H. Wesley, a comprehensive study for which the American Fund for Public Service, known as the Garland Fund advanced the author money in order to enable him to carry on the work, has now been published by the Vanguard Press, according to announcement by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Professor Wesley's book points out the importance of Negro labor in the economic life of the nation and traces the history of its development from before the Civil War to the present time. It is the first book to attempt a complete survey of this subject.

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA

BACK OF BEYOND. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

"BACK OF BEYOND" is the ambiguous but not inappropriate designation that Stewart Edward White gives to a region somewhere in Africa. All that we know about it, when we first learn of its existence, is that it is somewhere far away beyond the mountains and that it is a virgin country still undesecrated by the white man and still abounding in game. Toward this unknown paradise an old Scotch adventurer, Breck by name, decides to make a pilgrimage; and in his company, among others, goes a young American, Macklyn Keough, whose father has given him up as well-nigh hopeless and has sent him to Africa as a last resort.

Strange to say, the reader fails to discover any of those bad qualities which Keough's father observed in such abundance and which are the motive of the tale. In common with most other heroes of fiction, Keough turns out to be an altogether agreeable and even ingratiating young man; or perhaps it is that he has "turned a new leaf" since his voyage across the Atlantic, for the skill with which he hides the blacker side of his nature is little less than consummate. At all events, the reader likes him well enough as he traverses the African countryside; as he is seated in the jerky little car that puffs across the interminable miles of hill and brush; or as, leaving the car, he sweats and drudges up a thirsty mountainside on a quest that seems likely to prove chimerical.

It is when he reaches the stage of adventure that Keough proves his true mettle. He is strangely calm and unconcerned, strangely masterful, when he slays his first lion, and he has the character of a born fighter when cornered in a cave by a group of superstitious, spear-hurling savages. Needless to say, he emerges from all his trials unscathed, for who ever heard of an adventurer of fiction perishing even when driven to the direst extremities? And, quite as needless to say, he reaches the final page with his beloved in his arms—for, though the love story is little more than a ghost, it is of course an indispensable ghost, and Mr. White has not committed the egregious sin of omitting it altogether.

For one who enjoys tales of travel the author has much to offer in his pictures of various features of the African landscape—of the plains and mountains, the jungle and the brush, of vast volcanic craters and of meadows where droves of strange animals are to be seen at pasture. As for the story itself, it can make no claims to novelty nor to complete plausibility, but it is as interesting and as well written as the average of its type, and the reader of Mr. White's previous works will know about what to expect.

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New York, April 8th,—"Negro Labor in the United States" by Charles H. Wesley, a comprehensive study for which the American Fund for Public Service, known as the Garland Fund advanced the author money, in order to enable him to carry on the work, has now been published by the Vanguard Press, according to announcement by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

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LIFE STORY OF JOHN L. WEBB

How a poor boy a member of a family of ten children, rose from poverty and obscurity to wealth, fame and leadership, is the mission of the book "Life Story of John L. Webb," which has just been published by the Messenger Publishing Company of Hot Springs, Ark.

As one reads the book and notes the rise of this Negro financial giant, he is greatly impressed with the sterling virtues found in the Negro race. As the achievements of Mr. Webb are are studied it will be seen that he deserves to rank with ablest financers that the Negro race has ever produced.

The book is well printed on a good paper and has a beautiful cloth binding. In the book are quite a number of pictures which themselves tell a striking story of Negro progress.

No one can read this book without being inspired to do greater things. It should be in the home, to be read by all children. The book was written by Dr. Sutton E. Griggs who is the author of fifteen other books.

It is on sale at the Messenger Publishing Company's o ce in Hot Srings, Ark., and retails for 75 cents per copy.

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GEORGIA STORIES.

War Stories. By Anne and Winfred Fluker.

It is with natural interest that one opens a book with a real southern title, like this one, which is filled with interesting stories, anecdotes and jokes (in dialect) and told by the father a Confederate soldier, to the two young authors, of the days before, during and after the civil war. The little volume is dedicated as follows:

"To our mother, and other sisters of the south whose loyalty to a common cause, and whose love for brothers and sweethearts warmed the snows of northern Virginia and made bearable the hardships and heartbreaks of the private soldier."

The stories as related to his family by a man, a well-known citizen of Wilkes county—are vouched for as being true. They are told in the dialect of the darkeys who are the leading characters in the book. The frontispiece is a print of "Marse Billy, Private and Sharpshooter, Company D, Fifteenth Georgia Regiment."

"The Gold of the South and her strength
Lay deep in the hearts of her brave,
And when the Great Refiner collects it
He'll not miss the heart of old Dave."

—J. W. Burke Co., publishers, Macon, Ga.)

DID AFRICANS DISCOVER AMERICA?

WASHINGTON.—

Although few historians take his contentions seriously, Dr. Leo Wiener, Professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard University, a well known scholar in Russian and Yiddish literature, insists that Africans discovered America. His contentions are based largely on a similarity of certain words in African and Indian languages, as well as upon the possible African origin of tobacco, yams, sweet potatoes and peanuts. It is also claimed that these early Pre-Columbian Negroes greatly influenced the Indian medicine man. Dr. Wiener's first volume, entitled "African and the discovery of America," which was published in Philadelphia in 1920, has recently been elaborated.

A COLORED WHO'S WHO

WHO'S WHO IN COLORED AMERICA. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Persons of Negro Descent in America. Edited by Joseph J. Boris. Illustrated 333 pp. Vol. I. New York: Who's Who in Colored America Corporation.

THIS new "Who's Who," modeled in substance and form upon the previous biographical volumes that have become necessary books of reference, offers convincing proof of the vitality, ability and ambition of the colored race in the United States. It contains more than 2,000 biographical sketches of men and women of negro descent who have all been selected for inclusion because of real achievement. The editor gives assurance that this has been the only basis of selection. The sketches show that this achievement has been astonishingly varied and much of it of outstanding consequence. Included are successful business men and women, lawyers and physicians are frequentiy represented among the professions, although education has claimed a larger number and among the universities, colleges and other schools conducted by or for negroes are many Presidents, professors, deans and officials. One finds a goodly sprinkling of artistic and creative ability, with a sculptor on one page, a musician on another, a poet here, a painter there, while there are numerous authors, editors, writers of various sorts. There are many clergymen of consequence, while the number of those engaged importantly in social welfare work shows how responsive have been those of colored blood to this distinctive call of a compassionate age. Several Presidents and other officials of banks, insurance companies and trusts indicate that the negro is finding his way into finance.

The volume lacks an analysis of its contents that would have given important classified information concerning phases of progress of the colored race. It would be interesting, for instance, to know what percentage of those whose achievements have included them in the volume have taken collegiate degrees. One gets the impression from casual turning of pages that the proportion is notably large. The inference seems warranted also that a striking percentage of the number included is of women.

The sketches are skeletonized and their facts presented barely, without comment or garnish, although sometimes an explanatory paragraph concerning some phase of the subject's activities or some circumstance of his life is added. At the end of the book is a section entitled "Salient Points of Progress" in which are told briefly the facts concerning the outstanding achievements of over three hundred persons of the colored race, each of whom has done some unusual and notably useful thing. The names are not mentioned.

Dr. Rudolph Fisher Completes First Novel

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Dr. Rudolph Fisher, graduate of Howard University and well-known contributor to such magazines as the Atlantic Monthly and The American Mercury, has completed his first novel, "The Walls of Jerico," it was learned Saturday. He has not as yet decided on a publisher, although he has had two offers from reputable firms. Dr. Fisher will soon open an office in Harlem and will be the first colored doctor to practice the use of radium.

WORLD WHO'S WHO TO BE READY IN 1928

League Institute Experts Work on Collection of 15,000 to 20,000 Biographies.

Copyright, 1927, by The New York Times Company.

By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, Nov. 5.—Between 15,000 and 120,000 biographies of the leading men and women of the world today in all fields are being collected for publication as an international "Who's Who," which should appear before the end of the next year.

The collecting and editing of the biographies is being done by the League of Nations Institute for Intellectual Cooperation in Paris, Robert Wilberforce being in charge. A Chicago publishing house will publish the volume when it is completed.

Tallahassee Woman, Pas Eighties Milestone, Write Book About 'Negro of South

"Youth Must Be Served" Myth Exploded.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Jan. 22.—(AP)—The old, old story about youth being served is, after all, but a myth, if the case of Mrs. Nicholas Ware Eppes, of this city, is taken as a criterion for the disputing of such a theory. Mrs. Eppes, widow of the great grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and lineal descendant of Gov. William Bradford of Plymouth, although past her eightieth milestone of life, has just finished her second literary effort.

Mrs. Eppes is the author of "The Negro of the Old South," referred to by some critics as a second "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The book was published sometime ago, after the author had experienced great difficulties with her publishing house—trouble which eventually led to a law suit—and now, although she is almost blind from the infirmities of old age, she is watching "Through Some Eventful Years" roll from the press.

The latest book, the author said, carries the reader from the year 1850 to the year 1876, "really eventful years," she said. She was born at Pine Hill plantation, Leon county, on March 8, 1846, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Bradford, and Mrs. Eppes is satisfied that she is in a position to chronicle the interesting events of the period upon which her newest book is founded.

"In those days," Mrs. Eppes said, "Tallahassee society was noted for brilliancy and talent, the elite of our own and other states congregated in the little city, and the citizens were, for the most part, from the 'creme de la creme' of their native heath."

Coincident with the visit to Florida sometime ago of Gov. Ralph O. Brewster, of Maine, was the presentation personally by Mrs. Eppes to the governor of a copy of her book "The Negro of the Old South." The presentation was made as a sort of binder to ties separated years ago. Centuries have passed since the Brewsters and the Bradfords reached the new world.

"It was strange, was it not," Mrs. Eppes said, "that a Brewster and a Bradford ,one from Maine and one from Florida, should clasp hands in friendship after all these centuries?"

Mrs. Eppes' difficulties over publication of "The Negro of the Old South" came when a Chicago publishing house, contracted with her to publish it for $750, receiving 25 per cent of all sales. She made application to the copyright bureau, at Washington, for a copyright, she stated, and was told to send $1 for it. In the meantime, the Chicago firm published the book and obtained the copyright, and the bureau also awarded her a copyright.

Litigation followed, ending in Mrs. Eppes getting the copyright from the publishing house.

Mrs. Eppes' husband was the son of Francis Eppes, grandson of Thomas Jefferson. Francis Eppes was the only son of Maria Jefferson and John Bayles Eppes. Maria Jefferson was the youngest child of the sage of Monticello, and was said to be the most beautiful woman in America. Nicholas Ware Eppes was slain in what Mrs. Eppes described as "a political assassination."

"I am 80 years old now and soon to me the past will be a closed book but a kind Providence has given me health and the possession of all my faculties, save sight. Even there I am blessed, for though f years reading has been an impo sibility, and I cannot do many the things in which I once d lighted, still I can see the wooc the flowers, and to a certain exte the faces of my dear ones," M Eppes said.

A KAFFIR ODYSSEY

ULYSSE AND THE SORCERERS. By Marius-Ary Leblond. Translated from the French by Bernard Miall. 318 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THOSE who like novelty of setting and something unusual in the way of characters and plot cannot help being interested in this odyssey of a middle-aged Kaffir on the Isle of Bourbon, that French possession lying between India and Africa in the Indian Ocean, who searched so many years to find his son. Ulysse, a cook in a white man's house, had quarreled with his son Songor when the latter was hardly more than a boy and driven him away, but with the passage of years he was overcome by a passionate desire to see him. He left his home and began his quest, and in the long years that followed much was to happen—mystery, tragedy, sorrow, fine service, the awakening of his mind and soul, heroism and strife.

Through a druggist for whom Ulysse worked at an early stage in his travels Ulysse was led to seek out sorcerers for the finding of his son. The sorcerers gave him indefinite and oracular directions, the most important of which was to remain in the town in which he saw a "black robe." The black robe turned out to be a priest, the Abbé des Vaysseaux, whose servant Ulysse became. Under the influence of that fine, gentle priest Ulysse accepted Catholicism, and as a follower of God became an enemy of the sorcerers, negroes who, as followers of the devil, were causing much mischief on the island. Once Ulysse saved the lives of the abbé and his niece, and once he saved the holy vessels when the church was burned down. In both instances the sorcerers had sought to do evil to the priest, and to vitiate upon Ulysse they told him that the burglar he killed was his son.

But it was not his son. The abbé's brother, grateful to Ulysse for saving the life of his daughter, vowed to find the son, and at last, on the day of his daughter's marriage to the supposed narrator of the story, produced Songor, who was, like his father, a cook—on a French boat. Ulysse's search was finished and he could be happy at last.

As a story "Ulysse and the Sorcerers," though told rather circuitously and lengthened with a wealth of minor detail, is surprisingly interesting. It is not what we, thinking of modern realism, would term realistic, being, in fact, a rather spectacular and romantic tale, full of coincidence and melodrama and adventure. But it is something more than just the work of a yarn-spinner, for M. Leblond had made it quite as much a study of character and a picture of island life that is all but unique. In Ulysse he has drawn an Isle of Bourbon Kaffir gifted with unusual native intelligence and understanding, endowed with the finest and most lovable characteristics, and at the same time quietly and without bitterness accepting his place in a civilization dominated by the white man. His loyalty, his heroism, his capacity for suffering, his sense of honor make him, one must confess, perhaps a little too fine to be readily accepted, even though M. Leblond has given him baser and more savage instincts to subdue. The fact would seem to be that M. Leblond has not been wholly above a bit of propagandizing in the Kaffir's behalf, and perhaps to show that he is decently and finely human like the white man, M. Leblond has stretched his nobility a little too close to the divine. At any rate, for a book whose story is romantic rather than realistic, it is wholly satisfying to have a lovable character for the hero.

Two more qualities add to the value of this book of many interests, and they are its accounts of sorcery and its exotic atmosphere. The pictures of negro sorcerers dominating an ignorant negro population, and white people as well, by means of superstition, and at the same time surreptitiously plotting the downfall of Church and State, give a great deal of freshness and power to the plot, and the atmosphere of an island which almost for the first time in contemporary fiction, holds the centre of the stage—an island mingling three civilizations on its remote, tropic shores—is quite as romantic and "exotic" as any reader with a taste for such things can ever ask for, or ever expect to find.

"Ulysse" is not a fine or important book, but it is really something new. It will be unfortunate if it is swallowed up in the season's crowd of books as just another novel.

Bibliography - 1927

TWO LIGHTHOUSE BOOKS.

THERE are two recently published books we should like to see added to the library of every missionary in Africa. The first of these is entitled *The Christian Mission in Africa, A Study based on the Proceedings of the International Conference at Le Zoute, Belgium, September 14th to 21st, 1927.* To those who are acquainted with the Rev. E. W. Smith's writings as author and editor it will be no surprise that he was chosen to carry out the important work of interpreting the significance of this unique and, for Africa, epoch marking, Conference. The consensus of opinion will, we are confident, agree that in fulfilling his difficult task, Mr. Smith has been extraordinarily successful.

The dedication of this volume—"To those who laid the trail"—signals out Ramon Lull and some twenty-five others who have given signal service in the opening up and enlightening of Africa.

Next follows "The Conference at Prayer"—thanksgivings and petitions in which the reader may have a part and so be linked with those who foregathered at Le Zoute. In his preface the author says, *inter alia:* "I was asked not to produce an ordinary record of speeches and resolutions (for this, it was said, would not be read), but to steep my mind in the material to be gathered from papers and discussions, and then to write about it in my own way, interpreting the significance of the whole .... I have persevered in the hope that, however imperfect, my presentment may to some degree help members of the Conference to recapture its spirit and bring to people who were not there the vision and the thrill that were ours."

In eleven brief chapters, averaging not more than nine or ten pages each, is given the essence of the conference under the headings: "The New Africa," "Retrospect," "Facing the Facts," "The Conference," "Preaching the Gospel in Africa," "The African Church," "Education," "Towards a Healthy Africa," "Co-operation in and for Africa," "What it all means to us."

The second section of the book records the Recommendations and Resolutions of the Conference and this is followed by a selection of Speeches and Papers by, among other, Dr. Jesse Jones, Sir Frederick Lugard, the Portuguese Minister to Belgium and the Ex-Governor of the Belgian Congo.

Two brief devotional addresses, one on "Co-operation," by Rev. Daniel Couve of the Paris Evangelical Society, the other by Father Callaway on "The Heart of a Host," are also reproduced.

The minutes of the Conference, the list of delegates, an index and an up-to-date coloured map of Africa complete this invaluable volume. The perusal of this book should enable missionaries to review their work and methods with a view to adjustments as may seem desirable.

The second book we hope may find its way into the hands of every reader of the *Outlook* is complementary to the first. The two together are calculated to prove a fine tonic for increasing missionary effectiveness. It is entitled *The Christ of the Indian Road*, and it is both challenging and inspiring. So far as we can recall, nothing quite like it has appeared before. The author, E. Stanley Jones, is a missionary in India whose work in recent years has been largely among the educated and cultured Indians. Many of these he has discovered are earnest readers of the New Testament; but they find it difficult to make "Christianity" as they see it working out in the so-called "Christian" countries, and even in the lives of missionaries and other professing Christians from the West with whom they come into contact in India, tally with the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. "We want Christ," they say, "but we do not want Christianity."

In conversation with Mahatma Gandhi the author said to him: "Mahatma Gandhi, I am very anxious to see Christianity naturalised in India, so that it shall no longer be a foreign thing identified with a foreign people and a foreign Government, but a part of the national life of India and contributing its power to India's uplift and redemption. What would you suggest that we do to make that possible?"

Gandhi very gravely and thoughtfully replied:—

"I would suggest, first, that all of you Christians, missionaries and all, must begin to live more like Jesus Christ.

"Second, I would suggest that you practice your religion without adulterating or toning it down.

"Third, I would suggest that you must put more emphasis upon love, for love is the centre and soul of Christianity.

"Fourth, I would suggest that you study the non-Christian religions and culture more sympathetically in order to find the good that is in them, so that you might have a more sympathetic approach to the people."

"But what are we doing?" asks the author; and he adds:

"Vast areas of the Christian World are inoculated with a mild form of Christianity, and the real thing seems strange and impossible. As one puts it: 'Our churches are made up of people who would be equally shocked to see Christianity doubted or put into practice.'"

The book is full of incident and holds the reader from start to finish.

The net price of both these books in England is 3s. 6d.

A Brilliant Beginning

Migrations. **By Evelyn Scott. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.**

EVELYN SCOTT'S new novel is, according to the critical analysis on the jacket, a study of the effect of the idea of freedom introduced into the community of Mimms, Tennessee, in 1850. Because of it the society of the ante-bellum South undergoes a complete disintegration and that disintegration is typified in a single family. Its head dies, one of the slaves runs away north, and of the two sons each breaks in his own way with the traditions of his race, the one wandering across Panama on his way to the gold-fields of California and the other turning to trade in his native village.

Those who have read Mrs. Scott's previous novels do not need to be told of either her power to evoke an exotic scene or her capacity for the minute analysis of character. In her hands the present romantic, almost epic story becomes a series of intimate experiences, and where one would expect large sweeping gestures one gets instead intense, minutely developed scenes and brilliant bits of realistic character analysis which suggest anything but the romantic or the epic tradition. Considering her characters not as heroic figures but as essentially ordinary people who happen to have been born at a time when circumstance forced adventures upon them, she has written a historic novel as though it were a modern one, and as a result she has made of it

"Maggie L. Walker—Her Life and Deeds"

The pen of W. P. Dabney is at its best in this story of the career and achievements of Maggie Lena Walker, pioneer American woman banker and builder of a great fraternal organization. This book is one of the best American biographies. Usually, so-called "biographies" are effusions, telling you about everything except the person whose life is supposes to be exposed. But this book tells you about Maggie Walker. When you read it, you have lived the struggle with her. In it Dabney's characteristic is at its best. One starts the book and never wants to stop. Even the tragedies are told with a bewitching charm.

We have never before read so effective a story of a colored woman, except, perhaps, in Dr. DuBois' sketches of colored women in "Dark Water." There is no other biography that contains as much inspiration for colored girls as this book in "Maggie L. Walker."

Book Chat

"TROPIC DEATH." By Eric Walrond, Boni and Liveright.—TROPIC DEATH, like Jean Toomer's CANE, gives us that delightful feeling of realism and intimacy that lets the reader know that the author is a part of each one of his characters; and that part of the character which he intends should be allowed to flow out, and not be drawn out in any affected manner. Moreover, we sense the local color of his stories, we are allowed to feel things rather than have them told to us. We breathe the tropic air of the West Indies and fall directly under its influence.

The thing that pleases me most is the excellent handling of the dialect. Dialect has always been a pitfall to local color writers; and also a bore to the average reader. Many thoughts that the author has tried to express have failed to carry over any point because the reader cannot grasp the dialect. But in TROPIC DEATH Eric Walrond writes in dialect that carries over all the characters thoughts, that makes me conscious of the native speaking, (and I have often dispaired of the Negro dialect in broken English) and that shows his perfect familiarity which the literary expression of dialect.

To anyone that holds an aversion to tragedies of any type, here is a telling that wins one away from the romance. But are his stories tragedies? It does not matter. you are in doubt in one of two instances just what you might call them. And if one is a tragedy, what is it a tragedy of? Is it a tragedy of the mind, environment—you cannot put your hand on anything definite, and the author does not say; you simply think of how delightfully it was written.

Mr. Walrond has gone to the West Indies, and we hope that he will give us more. But in the meantime, those that have wanted to see someone of the Negro race give just expression of the moods and manner of his people, let them read TROPIC DEATH. Let them build the Panama Canal, let them bare the drought, heat, and degenerating influence under which life goes on, and let them feel a story told without the unnecessary propaganda and sentimentality so often found in native stories of natives.

UNUSUAL PROTECTION

Seven-tenths of the famlies in America are dependent on wages, and the fathers and mothers live in constant dread of sickness, injury, unemployment, impoverished old age, and premature death. That they hunger for protection from these calamities is proclaimed by the billions of insurance in force,

Those who are hard pressed especially, realize that insurance has developed into something more than mere indemnity. With its nurses dotting the country, its safety engineers removing the dangers to life and limb, its medical men and welfare workers steadily extending the life-span, insurance is now, in very truth, protection. And so, for the wage earner, it is neither a luxury nor even a debatable purchase; it is a vital want. The institution that enables him to meet that want, renders him a valuable service.

AMERICAN NEGRO TO BE STUDIED BY FAMOUS WRITER

Paris, France, March 2.—(By A. N. P.)—Paul Morand, brilliant French author who has visited many lands seeking material with which to vivify French literature, has started on a tour of Cuba and the American South to study the Negro.

M. Morand, whose books—Ouvert la Nuit (Open All Night), Ferme la Nuit (Closed at Night), Lewis et Irene, Rien que la Terre (literally "nothing but the earth") and Le Bouddha Vivant (The Living Buddah)—have charmed and stimulated readers in many countries, has at the same time a keenly critical mind and a nature sensitive to every variety of alien charm. Unlike many literary globe-trotters, he does not set out with the determination to prove that there's no place like home, and nobody as good as "the home folks," and his conclusions sometimes give rude jolts to his readers.

Mr. Morand is now in the West Indies. He plans to devote much of his time to the Negro in the United States, giving special attention to the South.

FORECAST COLORED PRESIDENT OF U. S.

RIO DE JANEIRO — "The colored population of the United States already counts into millions and is increasing more rapidly than the white population. The day will come when the colored man will dominate in numbers and will win over the whites at the polls, electing a colored president."

Such is the prediction by Monteiro Lobato, Brazilian author, in his latest romance, "The Clash of the Rivals," the Negro President." The author claims that although his work is largely imaginative, most of it is based on statistics and close observation of conditions in the United States.

The author announces an English translation of his book will come out in the United States in March. It is also being translated into German and French.

ROOSEVELT'S VALET AUTHOR OF NEW BOOK

James E. Amos, Personal Attendant, Was With the Great American When He Passed Away

It may as well be said at the outset that "Theodore Roosevelt; Hero to His Valet" is an excellent title for this book, but that its author, James E. Amos, probably did not choose it. His narrative is too simple and unassuming for that. But the title is appropriate.

Amos was personal attendant to Roosevelt for over ten years, starting his service in the White House. He was with him at Oyster Bay on the night the great American died and bent over him as he drew his last breath.

In those ten short years he walked in and out of countless rooms occupied by the President and slipped through all sorts of conversations of great moment, yet his book proves that he was the perfect valet. What he principally remembers is the kindness of his chief.

Washington's Luncheon

The two incidents that seem to have impressed Amos most profoundly were the luncheon for And, says Amos, "the time came when the President changed his mind. But it was a long while don't like that man," I said.

"Is that so?" he drawled with mock seriousness. "And what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Roosevelt; I just don't think he's a real friend of yours. I think he'll turn against you yet."

"What in the world makes you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just don't like his face."

Mrs. Roosevelt, says Amos, agreed with him, but the President declared "I'll stake my life on him." he holds with the President.

Amos was in attendance at that luncheon, and some time before Roosevelt died at Oyster Bay they were discussing it. Suddenly the President asked Amos:

"Of course," I replied, "I don't mean to say that you made a mistake, Mr. Roosevelt. I criticise Washington for accepting your invitation. He knew the white people Booker T. Washington at the White House and the dismissal of two regiments of Negro troops by Roosevelt because their members shot up Brownsville, Texas. Amos himself is colored. In both issues later."
of the South and he must have known that the affair would bring race—a lot of unfriendly criticism.

Amos Has Hunches

Sometimes Amos reasoned things looks, and sets down with evident reason than that he disliked their He had plenty of time to think it over and he could easily have found an excuse not to accept the invitation."

"So that's what you think?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, by George, I don't agree

"Now, James, what did you think about it?"

"I think it was all a mistake," I said.

"You do?" he said, looking up rather surprised. "And what was the trouble with it?"
satisfaction that his views were justified later.

One of these friends was Henry Stimson, Secretary of War. On one occasion his name was mentioned and Amos's countenance "betrayed some criticism of him." So Roosevelt asked why. Amos continues:

"I suppose it's just because I friends of Roosevelt for no other stances of taking a dislike to out, but most of the time he relied on hunches.

Bibliography -1927

The Negro In Our Midst

THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM, *by E. B. Reuter. Thos. Y. Crowell Co. 448 pp. Price $2.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE strong point of this book is its clear and interesting interpretation of social statistics, not only in the general chapter on Negro population but also in those on health, on education, on delinquency, in which material not easily accessible is presented with fulness and authority. The author is less happy—indeed, very unhappy—in some of those sections upon race psychology, and a parallel listing of seeming contradictions in his account would fill one of these pages. Perhaps one or two fundamental misconceptions are the cause of other errors of judgment. For example, he repeatedly states that the attitudes of Negroes toward the white race in the period immediately after the emancipation remained one of complete self-abasement, a statement in striking contrast with the available evidence. There are many other estimates of doubtful validity in regard to cultural traditions and contributions.

Like other recent textbook writers, Professor Reuter gives much space to the historical backgrounds. Such retrospect is an essential of understanding, but when it is partial and over-emphasized in relation to the influence of more recent events and developments, it may actually make for misunderstanding. After all, the vast majority of present-day Americans have no history of slave-ownership behind them and the frequent reminder that their colored fellow-citizens are, in part, the descendants of slaves encourages a wrong attitude unless there are equally strong reminders that many of the oldest native white families are descended from indentured servants, deported convicts and impressed Hessians. But unfavorable race memories, as a matter of fact, are not cherished and therefore lose their potency more quickly than favorable ones.

The author's conclusions as regards the future of Negro-white relations are pessimistic. It is a great merit of this book, going far to balance its imperfections, that it does not substitute sentimental hopes for ugly realities in the present race situation.

BRUNO LASKER

The Inquiry, New York

THE BOOKSHELF

[The Bookshelf is for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in things literary. If you are a book lover and like the idea of a literary club that meets through the Bookshelf column, you are welcome. You are urged to write in to this department any comments on current or past books that you have in mind. If you see questions in this column you care to answer, by all means do so. If you have questions pertaining to prose, poetry or fiction in modern or ancient literature, send them in. Address communications to Editor Bookshelf, Chicago Defender.]

An Autobiography

By ELMER GERTZ

"My Life," Volumes 1 and 2, by Frank Harris. Frank Harris Publishing Company, 246 Fifth Ave., New York city. $2.50 each volume.

The fact that Frank Harris' world famous autobiography is now openly and is far less prohibitive in cost. The renaissance of this autobiography, of course, reopens the closed controversy relative to its merits, but we may be sure that the arguments will not be submerged for a good many years.

When a book becomes the subject of controversy the loud thunder of the controversy is very likely to drown out the voice of the book itself. We now have an excellent example of this in the case of Sinclair Lewis' latest blast at the gates of complacency. "Elmer Gentry" will be the butt of sermons and orations by those who never even delve into its pages. Its merits will be dismissed by the faithful who are very often blind to the pleasures of good literature. This, of course, is to be expected, for men very often are both psychically and physically incapable of judging works of art. It is just this fact that has made even a mention of Frank Harris' "My Life and Loves" a matter of concern. There are few journals in this land of freedom which have even dared to mention, not to say review, however unfavorably, Harris' extraordinary biography. They prefer silence to offending those of their readers who have not even a curiosity for the details of frank books pertaining to sex. Harris' life—need I say it?—has not been all devoted to adventuring with Eros, but who even realizes this in the face of the storm of parlor whisperings centering around him?

Frank Harris is not, as many suppose, either a Jew or a German. He is of pure Celtic stock and was born in Galway, Ireland, on St. Valentine's day, 1855. Almost from the time of his birth, startling things began to happen to him and out of an unbelievably great memory he tells of these things in almost Arabian Nights fashion.

Harris was educated up to his 14th year in the best schools of Ireland and England, winning several scholastic honors there, but always filled with dislike of the institutions and rebellion towards them. Finally he decided to leave father and school and strike out for himself in America. From the outset here he passed through breathlessly interesting vicissitudes, working for a time on the building of the Brooklyn bridge; managing a Chicago hotel at 16; then becoming what amounted to a cattle rustler; witnessing the Chicago fire; through the influence of a man of peculiar genius entering the University of Kansas; being expelled from the school, but admitted to the Kansas bar; of a sudden deciding to continue his education; going on a tour of the world; studying under Taine at the University of Paris; becoming Grant Allens successor as master of literature at Brighton college, and heaven knows what else! The first volume closes with a shocking portraiture of the married life of the Carlyles; one cannot help thinking, however, that Harris has told the whole tragic truth.

One bit of detail on the first volume will suffice to set out its unprecedented merit.

There have not been many attempts to paint the passion bound girl oppressed by not only the conventional mores but by the crueler code of race prejudice. Most writers have been content to portray merely the surface tragedy of race, leaving the passionate element aside as too complex to blend with the already deep mixture. Eugene O'Neil in his "All God's Chillun Got Wings" crossed the line with a measure of success; but, after all, in his play it is intermarriage that is dramatized, not passion per se. In Frank Harris' life story, however, we get the finest example I know of. There came into Harris life shortly after he began to practice law a girl who was of the stuff of an immortal story. Sophie was her name and there was a generous supply of Negro blood in her, together with a passion, which, while removed from the primitive, was at at once elemental and of sophisticated naivette. In some of the most powerful pages he has written, Harris describes his intimacies with Sophie, and a tale of dazzling color it is. As a new sort of idyll it is unmatched. Sophie entered into Harris' life as out of a sensuous dream and left as high spirited, as stoical and withal as pensively as a goddess, transcending the mere selfishness of most passionate ardor.

This is the type of material found in that first volume, and the second is leagues greater. Von Hofmansthal called the German translation the greatest book he has ever read. I do not accept the view of the great German writer, but the wonders of the second volume will surge through my brain for a longer period than I dare name. The sweep of events is even more dazzling than in the first volume and the material is infinitely more valuable. In it the story of Harris' education at half a dozen of the continents foremost universities is told; his war experiences, his newspaper ventures; how he, a radical, secured the editorship of the influential Fortnightly Review; the political secrets of the time; astonishing scenes of gormandizing and gluttony; passionate love episodes, and the best series of portraits Harris has turned out. Harris, in a recent letter to me, called the Skobelief, Randolph Churchill, Ruskin and Maupassant portraits the best he has written because they are the frankest. One can easily agree, especially in the case of Maupassant, one which almost defies description.

The volume closes with a chapter which, for almost pathetic dignity, is unique in contemporary literature. The second volume carries Harris' life story up to only 1880, thus leaving much yet to be told. Fearing death during the course of his writing, Harris at one sweep jumps several decades ahead and tells briefly his life since 1920, not the actual events but the inner life and his mode of living. He tells of the food he eats, of the exercise he takes, of the great climacteric, his reading, his memory and like things; and while we read we realize that we are becoming a part of a strange chronicle of old age; it is difficult to think of a better exposition of that final period. It is not merely of psychological interest but its style sparkles, and here more than anywhere else Harris' frank methods secure their almost unanswerable defense.

I said this last chapter is of almost pathetic dignity; it is. Picture the circumstances. After a lifetime of bitter unpopularity and constant struggle, Harris was on the verge of becoming recognized as the great artist that he is. He might easily have taken the soft road and have written in the vapid fashion of senility and have been accepted by even the spinsters of literature. But Harris did no such thing. For years he was convinced that he should write a truly frank account of his life and times; he regarded this as a duty he owed to the spirit of truth and frequently spoke of it. As far back as 1911 he had written an article for the English Review, which set forth the philosophy of the subsequent autobiography. This article so angered the Spectator that it refused to accept the advertisements of the English Review; others likewise were incensed. Harris, therefore, knew the storm the book he planned would arouse; and yet he wrote it, ostracizing and pauperizing himself. More than that, he was subjected to even legal prosecution in France, the traditional home of freedom in art. Fortunately the case against him was dismissed, but that it was even instituted is bad enough.

To me there is something grandly inspiring in the story, something almost on the same level as the death of Socrates. After all, Socrates is largely the creation of Plato and Harris is flesh and blood giving up everything for an ideal. Perhaps martyrdom does not condone foolish acts and Harris' autobiography may be at best a quixotic effort. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, but it seems to me that he who strives, however vainly, to down the blight of unforgiving, ascetic Puritanism is engaging in a worthy fight. It seems to me Harris' actions should win something finer than their present lewd reception.

When Harris was threatened with prosecution, the leading French writers rallied to his defense, Barbusse and Morand leading the fight. Our own most distinguished artists were not far behind; Dreiser, Mencken, Nathan, Macy, Cabell, Hergesheimer, Vierick and a host of others signed a petition of protest. The verdict of time will be even more vigorously affirmative in his favor, for Harris, it will be increasingly seen, is one of the immortals, one of the

sacred band, as he calls them.

Gervez Baronti, author of "Eyes of India," appears on the title page of a mystic novel, "Uharna" (Dorrance) to usher in a religion. It is a decidedly new philosophy of the occult, and Besant followers are asking what Dr. Annie will say.

The official "Georgetown University of Verse," edited by Al Philip Kane and James S. Ruby, Jr., will appear this spring under the Dorrance imprint.

Dorrance & Co. announce for early publication "Arbor-Vitae," by Leander McCormick-Goodhart, volume 54 in their "Contemporary Poets" series. The author is with the British embassy, Washington, and his work has particular American interest through his connection with the Chicago McCormicks.

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Tillman Movement in South Carolina. Francis Butler Simkins, Assistant Professor of History in Emory University. Duke University Press, Durham, N. C., 1926.

The passing of the control of the Southern States from the aristocratic planter element to the small farmer element has formed the basis of several historical studies of the South since 1865. The study under consideration endeavors to describe the agrarian movement in the South, especially in the eighties and nineties, and the transition in South Carolina from Wade Hampton and "the aristocracy of planters" to Ben Tillman and "his farmer friends." The members of both groups supported the ideas of "white supremacy" and Democratic party control. In their thought, the Reconstructive Acts aimed to abolish the inherent inferiority of the Negro population and efforts should be made to annul these acts. Methods were invented, therefore, to overcome the power of the Negro voters at the polls. The Ku Klux Klan or the Invincible Empire, as it was called, endeavored to make an organized intimidation of the Negroes and even violence was reported in spite of the Force Acts.

The Amnesty Act of 1872 restored political privileges to hundreds of former Confederates. Taking advantage of this privilege in South Carolina, Wade Hampton and his group, following the withdrawal of the national troops, returned to active leadership in politics and gained control of the governorship and the legislature. However, while the Hampton influences were opposed to Negro domination of the State, Negroes were still seen in the State Legislature and in State offices. This condition proved most dissatisfying to the masses of the white population whose power had been increasing with the break-up of the economic organization of the South consequent upon the war, and with the continuance of the decline of Negro control a new leadership was required. The necessary division of the large estates, the demands for a new credit system and the willingness on the part of the white masses to engage in labor, now that slave labor had ended, were factors in creating the economic foundation for the new movement. Moreover, Hampton and his associates had done little to merit the support of these groups through legislation which would alleviate the depressing economic conditions of the seventies.

The background was thus set for the appearance of Benjamin Ryan Tillman as the new leader of the mass movement, which was to attack the system of control by the few aristocratic descendants of the ante-bellum regime and of the War for Southern Independence. The early life of Tillman demonstrated his sympathy with "the white masses of the upcountry," and equally his attitude toward the Negro group when he stated in 1876 that "the Creator made the Caucasian of a better clay than he made any of the colored people." With this idea paramount, he joined a company of men, "equipped with uniform, sabres and army pistols," who were prepared "to use force, if necessary, to rid the State of control by its black majority." The author lauds the work of Tillman in restoring white supremacy and Democratic domination in his county. He calls it "notable service" and again "yeoman's service."

The emergence of Tillman as a State leader was begun through his interest not only in the anti-Negro movement, but also in farm legislation and in agricultural education. His work in these fields soon earned him the title of "Farmer Tillman." Through his picturesque appearance, his rude language and bitter personal attacks of his opponents, he became a leader in the farmer's political movement. His egotism was plainly evident in a speech expressing his willingness to become a candidate for governor. In this speech, he states that the fight of the convention may be a forlorn hope, but "you will have at your head the only man who has the brains, the nerve and the ability to organize the common people against the aristocracy."

Succeeding chapters describe Tillman's two administrations as governor of the State. He is presented as an autocrat, who forced through the legislature the agrarian legislation which he desired. He is presented as a bitter partisan, who sought ruthlessly to crush his political opponents. He is presented as the political leader who advocated the joint political debate and the direct primary as features of the fight of the people against their autocratic rulers. The "most unusual achievement" of his administration was the Dispensary, which undertook a monopoly of the sale of alcoholic liquors in South Carolina and which remained in existence to 1907. The Constitutional Convention of 1895 was one of the inevitable results of Tillmanism. Restriction of race, both political and social, were insisted upon by this leader of white democracy. Said Tillman, "the black ghosts of Reconstruction would run forth and devour white civilization as soon as the impending white disunity became an inevitable fact." Acting upon this belief, he had the registration so controlled that in the election of the Convention only ten thousand Negroes of the one hundred thousand of voting age were registered. The result was the adoption of a requirement similar to that of Mississippi limiting the exercise of the suffrage by Negroes, an intermarriage law and complete segregation in education. This constitution was placed in operation over the opposition of the Negro delegates in the convention. In considering the after effects of Tillmanism, there is noted, his personal influence, upon the politics of his State, the decline of this influence, the permanent effects upon political life and the contributions to education within the State.

The author has had the advantage of source material in the form of letters, manuscripts and local documents, which were not readily accessible to the average investigator. He has shown some restraint in his conclusions, but he writes as if in justification of the Tillman methods in regaining the State for the whites. His style is easy reading and leads one on to complete the story. The thesis of "white supremacy" in Reconstruction Studies is an old one and has been outworn. It would seem that the author did not know of the monograph by A. A. Taylor on *The Negro in South Carolina during the Reconstruction*, which appeared nearly two years prior to the Tillman study. A glance at this study would have assisted Mr. Simkins in some of his conclusions concerning the Negro population. He neglects also the economic life of the State so far as industry is concerned, and it appears that the major battles were concerned with the attempted political revolution. The introduction of industry, the growth of towns, the transition from the provincial are all omitted. Then, too, as if weary, he comments too briefly on Tillman as a national figure representing his State, and thereby leaves the picture incomplete.

To make such a man a hero is no mean feat, and Mr. Simkins would have achieved this feat, if we did not have other evidence which would tend to bring down the hero from his pedestal of power. Such a compound of liberty for white masses and restriction for black masses, democracy for white masses and tyranny over black masses might find its contemporary reproduction in other Southern States. However, we believe that such personalities, as dominating as they may have been in their times, are rapidly passing, and with the author we could say, "the like of whom South Carolina . . . is not likely to produce again." May the day soon pass when untried political figures may choose the issue of a democracy labeled "for white people only," upon which to ride into political power and prominence!

Charles H. Wesley

Bibliography - 1927

"A Negro Hero"

MISS N. P. HAMILTON, Jersey City, N. J.—The poem describing an incident in the history of St. Michael's Church, asked for by J. M. P., in your issue of Aug. 7, is entitled "How He Saved St. Michael's," and is by Mary Anna Phinney Stansbury, and may be found on page 167 of "Ballads of American Bravery," edited by Clinton Scollard. The book can be obtained from the Womrath Library. The poem contains seventeen stanzas, and the following note is appended to the poem:

The story, as related in the poem, is in the main true. The church, however, was St. Philip's (Charleston, S. C.), an earlier edifice that stood upon the site of St. Michael's. The slave, moreover, received his freedom, not from the city authorities, but from the vestrymen of the church. The fire occurred in the year 1796.

The poem is contained in No. 3 of William Delaney's "Recitations," and in "Choice Selections," No. 9, published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

A great many readers answered this request, not a few of whom sent in the poem, which is too long to publish.

"Negro Drawings." Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf. $3.50.

"The Black Journey." Georges-Marie Haardt and Louis Audouin-Dubreuil. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.)

Oxley Answers Arthur Schomburg

To the Editor of The Amsterdam News.

Dear Sir:

In one of your issues of July there appeared a letter from Mr. Arthur Schomburg regarding my article on Jose Maria Y Campuzaho Heredia. A protracted absence from America caused my delay in answering Mr. Schomburg's letter.

Most of my material regarding Heredia was procured in Havana, in the summer of 1920, when I returned to that island. It was there, too, that I met the librarian of the Macedo and the Havana public libraries. And to these gentlemen I am grateful for the facts regarding Heredia, the great singer of Niagara. Captain Delaney of the British Army, who happened to be in Havana at the time of Heredia's troubles, calls him "a highly educated Cuban with a mixture of Negro and Spanish blood and a poet of considerable ability. . . ." From what I have been able to garner through the cooperation of the librarians and writers of Havana, they have classed Heredia in the category of "a singer of color." And Lopez, the celebrated critic, calls him "an extract of the white and black race . . . with more white than black blood in him, . . . but making him a true Moreno."

Mr. Schomburg has probably forgotten that in 1823 Heredia was arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the Spanish Government, and was sentenced to banishment for life. He took refuge in New York, where he published in 1825 a volume of his poems. Later in the same year he left for Mexico, where he became a magistrate. . . . Has Mr. Schomburg forgotten this little history of the poet? . . . I do not intend to "paint a white writer black," as Mr. Schomburg has intimated in his letter regarding Heredia. The source of my information came from Heredia's own people, and men who have made themselves famous in the literary world. Captain Delaney, whose travels in Cuba and whose books on that island made him famous, lived with Heredia and his family for over six months. My purpose in presenting these weekly articles is not to "paint white men black," but to give the readers of The Amsterdam News the most authentic and comprehensive history of Negro literature in various parts of the world. And I do not think that because Calcagno failed to mention Heredia "as a Moreno or a writer of color" that I should abide by his sole authority. Calcagno too can be wrong, for there is a great deal of fallibility in the testimony of man.

Sincerely,

(Signed)

THOMAS L. G. OXLEY.

September 7, 1927.

NEW BOOK ON THE NEGRO COMING SOON

Knopf publishes on October 6th "Stuffed Peacocks" by Emily Clark This is a volume of short stories laid in Virginia some three or four of them dealing with Negro characters. Miss Clark is a member of one of the oldest families in Virginia and was editor of the Reviewer. She is one of the growing number of white people in and from the South who are deeply interested in the Negro and particularly his artistic development.

This same firm will publish next April a first novel bearing the title of "Quicksand".

There are probably other books by Negro authors and about Negro life not yet announced but the list given is an impressive one. It gives furthr indication that the position of the Negro in the artistic world is being more securely fixed by excellent work and that the fears of some that the interest in things Negro, is a passing fad are are largely unfounded. These books along with others recently published like James Weldon Johnson's notable "God's Trombones" E. C. Adams' "Congaree Sketch and similar books of note are significant and encouraging signs of progress. Rudolph Fisher, is a work on a novel; Langston Hughes is spending the summer in Memphis, New Orleans and other Southern cities gathering material for this next book; Walter White sails with Mrs. White and their two children for France where he will spend a year writing books; and others as yet unknown are writing. The outlook is distinctly hopeful for a continuation of excellent writing by Negroes.

THE NEG

CONGAREE SKETCHES. By E. C. L. Adams. With an Introduction by Paul Green. Oxford: The University Press. Pp. xvii. 116. 8s. net.

There is an atmosphere of sentimentality and prejudice, of exaggeration and patronage, towards the negro in the United States which more than anything else separates him from the rest of the population and makes of him a problem rather than a part of the country. Few Americans realise how very many of their own national characteristics emanate from or are connected with the negro. Their accent, their smile, their walk, to say nothing of their humour, owe a good deal more to the negro than most of them would admit. Others, again, go to the other extreme and would exalt the negro far beyond his deserts, an attitude which is, of course, the swing back from the days of slavery. Thus a book like the "Congaree Sketches," which gives the utterances of the negro himself without any attempt to interpret them prejudicially, is a very valuable document. The doctors and lawyers in the black quarter of New York are very far removed from the figures of the sketches, which are therefore all the more useful as a history of origins. They give the curious, child-like, shrewd, almost cynical and entirely good-tempered view of the negro of religion, injustice, personalities equally. They show him a poet within very simple bounds, a dispassionate observer of black and white, since he is not supposed to have views, and a most keen summer-up of character, as in the remarkable sketch of "Ole Sister." Ole Sister, in guise of doing good, was the most inveterate mischief-maker in her lifetime. She slipped into heaven in a dust-storm which blew off heaven's gates, spoiled the carpets, "and dere been so much feather scatter roun' it look like all de angels in heaven was moultin'." Ole Sister "gee agvice to Peter, she worry Mikel . . . she had de angels, mens an' womens, so 'sturbed up dey was feared to go to roost at night." Ole Sister ended by creating strife between the high authorities, until one day in their absence four stout angels whom she had maligned took her and threw her into hell. In hell "Ole Sister start messin' in everybody business. . . . Shadrach, Messach, and Abed-ne-go tooken to de fiery furnace, thought dey would escape there, but dat old gal went right on in and run 'em out." Finally, the devil complained that heaven hadn't treated him fairly. "He say he don't mess up wid heaven, and it look like all de angels in heaven will have a sin for throwin' dat old uzzy into hell unbeknownst to him." is is a mixing up of justice which is refreshing, but no more so than of the sketches entitled "Jedge Bird," "White Folks is White olks," and a number of other remarkable transcripts from the tales, sermons, and comments of the negroes of the Congaree swamps, South Carolina.

M. H.

OCCUPIED HAITI. Edited by Emily Greene Balch. Writers' Publishing Company, Inc. Report of a committee of six "disinterested Americans. . . . who . . . favor the restoration of the independence of the negro republic."

Evergreen, Ala., Courant

"Pitifully destitute as they were of material things the Negroes met what life sent with courage and grace," says Mrs. Peterkin in the American Magazine, "and I wondered why I should be bored to stagnation.

"Then I discovered that the ability to see is an acquirement. Our individual worlds are made up of the things we perceive and no two of us ever see things alike. No two of us live in the same world. All well-being depends upon seeing things and the more things we see clearly the more interesting is the exclusive world that we make for ourselves.

"To the Negroes this bit of earth has a definite entity. It is the center of the whole universe. For them the rain falls, the sun shines. Every inanimate thing is endowed with intelligence and intention. I at last learned what the black people meant when they said trees had sense like people. My loneliness suddenly ended when my interest in becoming acquinted with things began. Unsuspected colors and forms stood waiting for seeing eyes."

Mrs. Peterkin's enforced study of the Negroes on the plantation to which she and her husband went after their marriage resulted in her production first of "Green Thursday" a collection of Negro stories and more recently "Black April," which contains no white characters, and which brought her wide literary fame.

DEC 22 1927

Is

ntation

Carolina, Julia Peterkin, who with her novel "Black April" has suddenly stepped into the foremost ranks of American novelists, gives credit to the Negroes of her estate for teaching her to "see things" and judge the real values of life.

A NIGERIAN RULER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

'History of the first twelve years of the reign of Mai Idri Alooma of Bornu (1571-1583), by his Imam Ahmed Ibu Fatua, translated with Introduction and Notes by H. R. Palmer." Lagos: The Government Printer.

ONCE again acknowledgment has to be made to Mr. H. R. Palmer, C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of the Northern Provinces, Nigeria, for a valuable contribution to the history of the political development of Nigeria. This record of events during the first portion of Idris Alooma's rule over Bornu is, as Mr. Palmer says, "Especially valuable as a picture of the life and mode of thought of an African Muslim, Amir ul Muminin, or Caliph, during the sixteenth century of our era; as well as being a very accurate basis from which to judge of the history and devolpment of the peoples of the regions to which it relates, that is to say during the last 400 years." The record is Mr. Palmer's translation of an Arabic manuscript which has a singular history. In 1853 Dr. Barth obtained it from the Wazir of Bornu and sent it to the British Foreign Office. It disappeared from British control by one of those mysterious avenues down which valuable official documents used to vanish, and was found in Germany, where it was photographed in 1921 by the courtesy of the German authorities. One is irresistibly reminded in this connection of the reformation of the library of the India Office through the casual picking up by a shocked official of a piece of waste paper which fell from a dust-cart that was found to be an important letter from the Duke of Buckingham to King Charles on the affairs of John Company. How many other useful pieces of historical records may have vanished similarly through bureaucratic ignorance and indifference!

Records and traditions of Bornu—the empire of which once extended from Wadai to the neighbourhood of Kano and as far south as the Cameroon—have special historical value. Situated athwart the threshold of Western Sudan, Bornu was closely susceptible to Saracenic culture through Egypt and North Africa and Mr. Palmer remarks that "the degree of civilisation achieved by its early Chiefs would appear to compare favourably with that of European monarchs of that day." There is much evidence in the narrative of Alooma's skill in military strategy, of his economic capacity in the maintenance of trade routes, of his sagacity as an administrator, of his sense of justice as a ruler of diverse peoples, and of his rigidity as *censor morum*. It is a candid portrait, not too richly overlaid with Oriental adulation to become the caricature of a type of ruler who has flourished in the Western Sudan across these later centuries. Mr. Palmer has placed ethnologists deeply in his debt for this remarkable addition to our knowledge of the past in West Africa. The attitude of Bornu's rulers to the African peoples was as a matter of course one of constant war, entailing either extermination or servitude, and we learn from the record that the exploits of Idris Alooma in this direction did not derogate from the usual standard of those obsessed by the necessity of "holy war" who regarded robbery and pillage as a divinely-inspired occupation.

For example, the worthy Imam thus extols his hero's methods inspired by Allah—"cutting the trees in the hot weather, cutting the corn in the rains, and raiding the enemy in the cold season till it became very difficult for them to stay in their walled towns. They deserted the denuded areas and moved elsewhere." These "policies," as they are politely called, continued as we know down the centuries until quite recent times.

The intrinsic value of the manuscript is considerably enhanced by Mr. Palmer's voluminous notes which explain and amplify the text in a scholarly manner. Comparative periods in the history of the world outside Bornu are helpfully pointed out. One realises the stealthy

AFRICAN SECRET SOCIETIES.

[By Captain F. W. Butt-Thompson (Author of "Sierra Leone").]

My new book, on "African Native Secret Societies," is almost completed, but, as your readers will know, such a subject cannot be "rounded off" without an appeal to those who have long lived in Africa for help.

We may not think alike, and we may largely differ in conclusions drawn from what we have experienced, but all matured and reasonable thought upon the workings of these societies would be helpful and stimulating.

Therefore, so that my friends may know what to write about, I will, with your courtesy, Sir, give them an idea of the plan of the book.

I think I can prove that the societies are *not* organisations that "anyone can start, and, with his co-founders, take any fanciful object as the ground and symbol of the association," and that they are not originated for "any little job on hand."

When Miss Kingsley said that and went on to describe them as "some bad, some good, and some merely so-so, some equivalent to Freemasonry, some to hooligan gangs, some to Antediluvian Buffaloes and Ancient Shepherds, and some to burial clubs," she was manifesting her facility in writing (and her charm in it) rather than her reliability as an authority.

Freemasonry is a legitimate illustration—the rest only mislead and confuse. There are friendly societies in most of the larger African towns, but they all have been built up on European models. There have been "Hooligan" clubs or gangs, as witness the "leopard" and "crocodile" societies, now ended by British power, organisations whose pretence to be grafted on ancient stems but thingly cloaked their work of revenge and cruelty.

Neither the thrift of African friendly societies nor the criminality of hooliganism can rightly be included in any description of African Native secret societies.

The societies included in my book, known vaguely to many students of Africa, are venerable with age—their origins being merged with the mists of antiquity.

Another statement that should be finally disposed of is that outside influences are causing the decline and death of these ancient societies.

No influence—civil, military or religious; governmental, punitive or missionary—has done so or can do so.

If there has been any decline, it is in ceremony and not in authority. Contact with civilisations may explain the altered and lesser forms of the outward and visible rites. The cruder ceremonial ways of past generations do not appeal to the present councils of the societies.

Visitors to any large port of Africa soon become familiar with queerly-dressed bands of Africans dressed to represent the supposed local or tribal "devils" of the district societies. It is possible to buy picture postcards of them. For several generations a family in Freetown has enriched its members by play-acting in the streets the part of Egungun and his satelites. The masks and garbs thus exhibited have been much photographed and described.

But no member of the Council of a society (and Egungun is one of the Council of the great Egbo society) has ever appeared, or would ever think of appearing, in official mask and dress outside the bounds of the ceremonial place.

These councillors and officials are not of the aldermanic class who take, and make, opportunity of parading their official plumage. Their office is a dignity, true, but a dignity so sacred that even its outward trappings can only be seen by the initiated.

Besides, promiscuous appearances are forbidden.

The societies are ancient; in membership generally co-extensive with population of tribe; secret; communal; organised and ruled by elected councils; have a graded and promoted membership; and they have a reasonable excuse for continuance as tribal educative forces, especially in their

Yassi, the woman's society of the Mende.

Yugu, the Duala society of Kamerun.

Zangbeto, the society of the Ewe-speaking tribes of Dahomey.

Other societies can be found amongst the Amazulu; the Baluba of Lulua River in Congo Free State; the Ba-Rongo of Delagoa Bay; the Ba-Suto; the Beni Amer of Northern Abyssinia; the Bushmen; the Griquas; the Hottentots of the Cape and the Hottentotic races along the Vaal River; the Korannas; the Namaqua and Songo and Wagogo and Wanika in East Africa; and the Uganda peoples west of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Evidence of other societies can be traced right through Central Africa; in Nyassaland to west of lake; amongst some of the powerful Muhammedan tribes in Somaliland; and along the Upper Zambesi.

Any information concerning these will be welcomed by me.

Ceremonies, processions—dress—masks—officials—music—jugglers — mountebanks — contortionists — stilt-walkers — weapons and insigna of office.

Dances, ritual—historic—drama of emotion—professional dancers—payments.

Headquarters, men's houses—council halls—clubs—ceremonial villages—sacred places.

Membership, puberty schools—novices—circumcision—ceremonial words—ethical teaching—disciplines—graduating.

Degrees and their meanings—post-graduate courses of teaching.

The new name and how it is bestowed.

The secret languages.

The communal life and brotherhood.

Women's societies, teaching—excision—other rites—passwords in song—degrees.

Councils, officials and their tasks—magicians and magic—herbalists—homeopathists—osteologists — tricks — later developments.

Religion. If religion is a "habitual, all-pervading sense of dependence on, reverence for, and responsibility to, a higher power," then most African tribes practise religion, rather than superstition. Kipling's attitude is here taken :—

"For those who kneel beside us
At Altars not Thine own;
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord! Let their faith atone."

The attitude of the Chagga to Ruwa—spiritism—the continuity of life—life and death and resurrection and the new life (part of the teaching in the puberty schools)—drama-dances—reincarnation ideas—the following spirits (angels)—vows and prayers and sacrifice.

Other council duties, such as irrigation, rotation of crops, water finding, healing, ministering.

Present place and power of the societies, oaths in their name—debt collecting—police duties—recognition of higher officials and of festival days by Governments—wars prevented—social organisations that introduce and preserve amenities otherwise impossible amidst the tribes, and institutions of instruction in the duty of the individual to the commonwealth (the tribe).

[Readers who wish to assist Capt. Butt-Thomson with authoritative information upon any of these matters should address him at Laverstock, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, England.—Ed., "W. A."]

Bibliography - 1926

El Negro Que Tenia El Alma Blanca—ALBERTO INSUA. 363 pages. Renacimiento, Madrid. 5 pesetas.

W.F.B

The American public with its new and sweeping interest in the literature by and concerning the Negro is not active alone. The drama of Negro life and of mixed bloods has stirred the imagination of writers the world over. Comes now a recent volume of significance from Spain: *El Negro Que Tenia El Alma Blanca* (The Black Man Who Had a White Soul) written by Alberto Insua and bearing the imprimatur of the Renacimiento Press of Madrid.

Pedro Valdés, was born of freed slave parents who work on the sugar plantation of the wealthy Spanish family of the Count of Arencibia. At the time of Pedro's birth out in a hut on the plantation, a birth occurs in the city homestead—so Pedro and his mother are moved to the city, where Maria Francisca stores her heavy, milk-laden breasts between the two infants, one white, the daughter of culture and riches—Piedad Arencibia, and the other black, the son of slaves.

Life where blacks and mulattos exist in large numbers and are taken as a matter of course is much easier than life where one is an exception, as Pedro found out to his sorrow when he went to Madrid. War had broken out between Spain and Cuba, and the older Arencibias sent the women of the family and the children with the two black servants back to Madrid. In this new environment there arises in his former playmates Néstor and Piedad, a color consciousness which takes strongest root in the mind and heart of Pedro himself. His entire life, particularly after his mother's death, becomes a hotbed of torture under Piedad's silent disdain and her brother Néstor's ferocious attacks together with his endless taunt: "You blacks are not people."

The older members of the family die, the younger are caught in the whirl of society, the white servants in the house misuse the Negro servant, the street urchins force him to fight his very way along the streets—so he leaves the palace of the Arencibias, intending to return to Cuba. In Barcelona he falls in with a bootblack, (the old picaro type in Spanish literature) who takes him to Paris, helps him spend the remainder of his legacy from the old Marquis, and then teaches him to shift for himself. At one of those inevitable periods where work becomes a necessity, they take jobs as "buttons" in a Montmartre cabaret. Pedro picks up some of the dance steps he sees, fills in, when entertainers are scarce . . . . and at the end of ten years or so, he is on the eve of a debut at the Teatro Sainete in Madrid. He had already become the idol of the Music Halls and Vaudeville Theatres in England, France, Austria, South America and the United States. Only one place remained for conquest—Madrid—his old enemy.

He is now Peter Wald, the master of the foxtrot, the tango and innumerable other dances in vogue. Peter Wald was an acknowledged artist in choreography on two continents. His salary had reached a fabulous figure. Managers fought over him. He dictated the terms of his contracts. Yet, that color consciousness which had been instilled in him in those early days in Madrid still prompted such thoughts: "All the millions that he might earn would never change the color of his skin; no matter how much his audiences might applaud, he would never fail to be a Negro who repelled little white virgins."

And this last thought comes because of Emma Cortadell, an unsalaried attachment to the stock company at the Teatro Sainete; pretty, innocent, untalented and without any prospects of a future in the theatre, who is always accompanied by a watchful and ambitious father. She has an inherent fear of Negroes which results in her fainting in front of Peter on the night when he invites her father, Don Mucio, to bring her to his room so that he may propose to them an advantageous business arrangement thru which Emma is to become his dancing partner.

The vague sense of revenge which first kept him from coming to Madrid and finally brought him there is satisfied. Madrid, who scorned and flayed him, receives him with enthusiasm and delight; the Arencibias, who taunted and disdained him, now have need of him. He can pay off debts on the palace, finance Néstor and save Piedad from disgrace.

Don Mucio persuades his daughter to accept Peter's offer. They make their debut in Paris. The Cortadells live in greater luxury than they had ever dreamed of, but meanwhile a desperate love for Emma is taking stronger and stronger root in Peter's soul. Dozens of white women in Madrid, Paris, Buenos Aires and London has offered themselves to Peter. Yet this one white girl "with the white soul" as he says, has to steel herself to endure his embrace during their dancing. Peter speaks to Don Mucio of marriage with Emma, mentioning terms of his will in Emma's favor and the fact that she will outlive him by many years, and Don Mucio, ever ambitious, essays to convince Emma of Peter's inherent goodness and her duty to reward him with marriage. Emma faints again as she did on the day when he asked her to be his dancing partner. This is followed by a nervous atack, which, the doctor declared, if repeated would lead to insanity. Peter immediately gives up all ideas of ever marrying her. He tries to hide his love, but the intense suffering it causes brings on physical illness.

In Madrid again for Emma's first dancing engagement among the people she knows, he becomes so ill that he must stop work. He goes to the palace of the Arencibias and goes to bed in his mother's old room. Emma follows him to ask if she may take care of him while he is ill. And the book ends with the following scene:

"One afternoon, while Peter, silent, smiling, was watching her she seemed to see in his face, wasted and worn by the fever, something which she had never seen, a radiance which transfigured his race, making it whiter, nobler, purer, like that of a god of kindness in martyrdom."

"Then she approached the invalid, took one of his hands, and, looking at him sweetly and meaningly, said: Peter . . . dear Peter, get well and I promise you I will be yours . . . . your wife, your woman.'"

"With difficulty, he put his arm around her, raised himself, and half opened his mouth—one could not tell whether he wished to dance or to kiss."

"She kissed him gravely, slowly, without closing her eyes. And when she wished to lay Peter back on the pillow, and unclasp his tight embrace, she could not. Then she understood that he was dead. And she gave a cry."

"The old Marchioness of Arencibia, Piedad, Don Mucio entered. Emma had fainted on Peter's dead body. One might have said that death had surprised them in one of their dances and, far from separating them, had desired to unite them with the seal of eternity."

"But a bottle of smelling salts sufficed to revive Emma."

This story which is long and full of interest has many high points. Mr. Insúa's power of description is vivid and alluring. His descriptions of the life that Pedro, as the child, missed, by being taken from the plantation to the city abound with the beauties of tropical life, realistic to one who has known and loved the tropics. He is well acquainted with the life that goes on among the actors behind the scenes and knows the different types of people who go to make up a stock company. All are portrayed with inimitable care and exactness.

Peter Wald's conversation is a mixture of French, English and Spanish. It is easy to understand why this should be. After Peter has changed his name from the Spanish form, he tries also to lose identity with any language or accent that may connect him with his Cuban ancestry or his Madrilian servant life. But these lapses into French and English should occur in no other part of the book than in Peter's conversation.

As a psychologist, Mr. Insúa fails as most writers about Negroes, have failed, in the knowledge of his subject. To him, a Negro artist, with a passion for his art and a thousand other compensations in life—friends, money, travel, has the same point of view as the Negro servant, with no consolation to fall back on when he has been told: "You blacks are not people." In other words, he gives Peter no better solution to his episode with Emma than he had for him in the early days with Piedad.

DOROTHY R. PETERSON.

Cincinnati All A'flutter Over Dabney's Book

Courier 4-17-26 Section

CINCINNATI, O., Apr. 05.—Cincinnati's entire citizenry is all aflutter over W. P. Dabney's latest publication, "Cincinnati's Colored Citizens." According to the comment from all sides, no situation or condition is spared the light of truth. "Freedom and frankness" is evident in each chapter; the failures of blacks as well as whites are aired, and there is no doubting that the author's opinion will give rise to vigorous debate.

Dabney declares Cincinnati's black belt has a population of 30,000 and that there is more crime and vice there than ever before. He says it should be "cleared up and cleaned up—cleaned up not in the sense of police raids and arrests but conditions must be made permanently better."

Mr. Dabney tells what he believes is the origin of the "black belt" and some of the reasons why in recent years it has grown in population and declined in character, the war and the great immigration from the South being outstanding contributors. Poverty, seasonal employment and bad housing, together with residential segregation, and race prejudice, are discussed in the book. So, too, consideration is given the preying on the Negro by the white cheats and criminals.

Mr. Dabney, himself formerly a Republican politician, accuses the Republican organization of treachery to the race, cultivating him on election day and forgetting him afterward.

"The Republican party freed their bodies from the shackles of slavery," he writes, "but the Colored people have never been able to free their souls from the shackles of party. They alone are responsible for their present unenviable condition. The Republican party policy engendered by the Negro's lack of reason and independence is to use him and abuse him."

And it is not all clouds. There are patches of blue, and shafts of sunshine. Dabney tells of the members of the Race in the professions, in business and in public life. He devotes space to religion, to social activities, to music and to athletics. A number of chapters are given over to the history of the Negro in Cincinnati.

The book is handsomely printed and bound and there are numerous illustrations.

J. W. JOHNSON'S NOVEL APPEARS IN NEW EDITION

Carl Van Vechten Writes Introduction to "Autobiography of An Ex-Colored Man.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10—James Weldon Johnson's novel, "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," first published in 1912 and since then out of print, has just been republished in New York, by Alfred A. Knopf in the Blue Jade library series, with an introduction by Carl Van Vechten.

Mr. Van Vechten declares he has read the book three times and says "that it reads like a composite autobiography of the Negro race in the United States in modern times."

THREE CULLEN VOLUMES OUT THIS YEAR

"Copper Sun," "Caroling Dusk" Names Of Two New Books Of Poems

HARPER TO PUBLISH NOVEL OF MSKAY'S

Locke And Gregory's Dramas In Press; Rudolf Fisher Works On Novel

NEW YORK.—From the early announcements of publishers a number of distinguished volumes of verse, fiction, biography, drama and art by and about Negroes will be published within the next few months.

The number and quality of this output will doubtless serve to establish even more firmly the reputation of Negro artists and add to the esteem in which many of them are now held.

THREE CULLEN BOOKS

On July 29th Harper and Brothers New York, will publish the second volume of verse by Countee Cullen whose first book, "Color," has long been a best seller. Mr. Cullen's new book will bear the title "Copper Sun" which is taken from his own poem, 'Heritage." He will also appear again on the Harper list on October 6th when his anthology verse by Negro poets, "Caroling Dusk" will be published. A third volume bearing Mr. Cullen's name and the Harper imprint will appear in December. This will be a de luxe edition of Mr. Cullen's well-known "Ballad of a Brown Girl." Harper will publish simultaneously with the trade edition of "Copper Sun" a de luxe, autographed edition of one hundred copies of this new book of verse.

CLAUDE McKAY

In October the same firm will publish a first novel by Claude McKay, another distinguished Negro poet, who has been living abroad for a number of years. Mr. McKay's novel will be called, "Home to Harlem" and is receiving much favorable advance comment as to its excellence. Mr. McKay is widely known for his volume of verse published in 1922, "Harlem Shadows." Perhaps his best known poem is his widely quoted "If We Must Die."

JOHNSON REPRINT

On August 19th Alfred A. Knox will publish in that firm's famous Blue Jade Library, James Weldon Johnson's "The Autobiography of An Ex-Colored Man." First published anonymously in 1912 by a Boston firm which went out of business during the war, this novel by Mr. Johnson has long been out of print and eagerly sought after by collectors. Carl Van Vechten has done an introduction to the Knoof reprint. The Blue Jade Library is made up of distinguished books of lasting value which have attained the position of being semi-classics.

PORTRAITS IN COLOR

Also in September a book of particular interest and importance to colored readers will be brought out by the Viking Press. This is "Portraits in Color," by Mary White Ovington. Miss Ovington's book is made up of biographical and critical essays on the lives and accomplishments of twenty colored men and women. The list includes Robert Russa Moton, George Carver, Scipio A. Jones, Ernest E. Just, W. E. B. DuBois, James Weldon Johnson, Louis T. Wright, Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson, Walter White, Lucy Laney, Maggie L. Walker, Langston Hughes and several others as well-known. This volume is certainly to be widely read and discussed.

DRAMA

Drama will be adequately represented by "Plays of Negro Life," edited by Montgomery Gregory and Alain Locke which Harper and Brothers will publish during the fall season. Practically every play about Negroes by white and colored authors will be included. The volume will contain between twenty-five and thirty plays, about one-third of them written by colored playwrights.

DRAWINGS

Knopf will publish on October 21st a book of playwrights made up of Negro drawings of Miguel Covarrubias, the talented Mexican artist whose work has appeared mostly in Vanity Fair. Mr. Covarrubias' picturization of Negro types has done much to attract attention to the latent possibilities in the arts of Negroes.

VIRGINIA SLAVES

Knopf publishers on October 6th "Stuffed Peacocks" by Emily Clark. This is a volume of short stories laid in Virginia some three or four of them dealing with Negro characters. Miss Clark is a member of one of the oldest families in Virginia and was editor of the REVIEWER. She is one of the growing number of white people in and from the South who are deeply interested in the Negro and particularly his artistic development.

This same firm will publish next April a first novel of great beauty and distinction. The writer is Mrs. Nella Larsen Imes of New York and her novel will bear the title of "Quicksand."

FISHER'S NOVEL

Rudolph Fisher, considered by many as the best writer of short stories of Negro life, is at work on a novel; Langston Hughes is spending the summer in Memphis. New Orleans and other Southern cities, gathering material for his next book; Walter White sails with Mrs. White and two children for France where he will spend a year writing two books.

JUL 22 1927

RACIAL STUDY CONDITIONS SURROUNDING THE NEGRO CHILDREN OF THE STATE

Chapel Hill, July 22 (INS)—A study of conditions surrounding Negro children, and a study of crime among Negroes will be two of the main projects to be carried out by the Division of Negro Work of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, Lawrence A. Oxley, director of the vision, told the welfare workers attending the annual Public Welfare Institute, being held here this week.

NEW YORK CITY
SUN and GLOBE

JUL 30 1927

TULLY'S BOOK BANNED

Boston Bars 'Circus Parade' Before It Is Published.

Albert & Charles Boni, publishers of "Oil," Upton Sinclair's latest book, recently banned in Boston, learned to-day that a second book on their list is not acceptable to the Boston censors. "Circus Parade," by Jimmy Tully, author of "Beggars of Life" and "Jarnegan," which will be published on August 8, cannot be sold in Boston.

The publishers first learned of the ban on their book through telegrams from Boston booksellers, who wired that they could not accept the advance copies sent to them because they had been forbidden to sell the book. The publishers do not yet know upon whose complaint the book was banned, nor the particular portion of the book to which objection was taken. They said they were at a loss to know why the book, a thinly veiled account of Tully's own experiences as a roustabout with a small circus, should be banned anywhere.

Literary critics who have read advance copies of the book, however, professed to see in one chapter, entitled "A Negro Girl," some justification for the action of the Boston censors.

Chicago Progress

The Negro In Chicago—1779 to 1927." Published by the Washington Intercollegiate Club of Chicago, 3763 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Prices $2 (paper), $4 (cloth).

Sir Harry Johnston.

A life of valuable service and adventure closes with the death of Sir Harry Johnston. His incessant activities as an explorer, an administrator, and a writer have promoted mutual knowledge and understanding between Britain and Africa which have been of incalculable benefit. His work for Africa is most conspicuously exhibited in the treaties made with Uganda, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. The settlement with Uganda laid down very important principles—often called "The Johnston principles"—which form a just basis for land laws in a country where white and black races come into contact. The adoption of them in the case of Uganda is said to have saved East Africa from warfare, and their general application in Africa might have prevented much strife and bloodshed. Of the many books which he wrote after the close of his official career perhaps the most valuable was "The Negro in the New World," but the work by which his interests were most closely absorbed was his book on the Bantu languages. (p. 90)

Biographical Work Published

Y. M. C. A. Issues Volume on Leading American Negroes

The National Council of the Y. M. C. A. has a volume containing a series of brief biographies of leading American Negroes by Ralph W. Bullock, under the title "In Spite of Handicaps." The volume is published, says Channing Tobias, who wrote the introduction, in response to "the requests from leaders of white boys' and girls' clubs who desired to promote better interracial understanding and from leaders of colored groups who desired to stimulate the race pride of colored youth."

Mr. Tobias concludes his introduction as follows: "If white youth through reading these sketches gain a fuller knowledge of and higher respect for Negroes and colored youth are led to a deeper sense of self-respect and pride in the achievements of their kind, the book will have served its purpose."

The list of those included in the volume is as follows: Roland Hayes; Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University; Col. Robert R. Moton, head of Tuskegee; Charles C. Spalding, head of the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company; Countee Cullen, Harry T. Burleigh, Professor George W. Carver of Tuskegee; Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, professor of Clinical Surgery in Meharry Medical College; De Hart Hubbard, athlete and breaker of world records; Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of The Crisis; John Hope, president of Morehouse College; Archie A. Alexander, civil engineer; Matthew W. Bullock, attorney of Boston; Henry O. Tanner, painter; James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; Mary McLeod Bethune, head of the Bethune-Cookman College; Max Yergan Y. M. C. A. worker now in South Africa; and Carter G. Woodson, historian.